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AT REST

BY I. P. D.

Asleep at last in the arms of Death,
Heaven grand her a long, sweet rest,
Close the tired eyes with their weight of woe,
Fold the hands on the pulseless breast.

Small wonder she fainted and fell by the way,
This woman so wan and frail;
The pale thin cheek, the wasted frame,
Each tells us the same sad tale.

That night, as I sat in the hospital ward
And watched by the shrouded dead,
By the light of memory I saw her again
As she was on the day she wed.

She was fresh and sweet as the summer morn,
And as pure as the sparkling dew,
And the light that lay in the deep blue eyes
Came straight from the soul I knew.

And he—her king among men,—alas,
What a sad, sad thing is life!
He loved her well, yet he broke her heart
And she lived—a drunkard's wife.

'Twas only a few short years ago,
And to think that I never knew,
Till the poor pale lips told all the past
As I watched her the whole night through.

She had struggled long, but grief and shame
Had won in the bitter end.
He died, and the world was hard and cold,
And the grave her only friend.

She was homeless, a wanderer, out in the rain—
Starving, and weary, and cold;
At dawn she was found, and they brought her here,
Where life is not bought, nor sold.

God pity the lot of the friendless poor
Who must bear their burdens alone;
Yet not alone, if on Him they lean,
For "He careth for all his own."

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

SHE seemed to have no thought of disobeying him. Silently enough she sat down, while he leaned against the tree.

She was rather hurt to find that so much of her old influence over him seemed to be lost. She would have liked him to tremble and blush, yet he had not even sought to take her white hand in his own.

He had not kissed her face, nor touched the long, golden hair that he had so warmly praised. He stood looking gravely at her, then he spoke.

"Doris," he said, "in the presence of Heaven you promised to be my wife. I do not absolve you from that promise, and until I do so, I claim you as my own."

A hot flush crimsoned his face, sudden passion gleamed in his eyes and quivered on his lips.

"I will never release you," he cried. "Death may take you from me; but of my own free will you shall never, so help me Heaven, be freed from your promise! You hear me?"

"Yes," she replied, in a low voice, "I hear."

"As the man you have promised to marry, as the man who alone on earth has the right to question you, tell me how you are living here now?"

"How am I living?" she replied, raising her eyes to his face. "I do not quite understand what you mean."

"I mean precisely what I say. With whom are you living, and what are you doing for a livelihood?"

"What a strange question, Earle. I told you; I am governess to some little children."

"You swear that before Heaven?"

"Before anything or any one you like," she replied, indifferently, smiling the while to herself.

"I am bound to believe you," he said, "although my faith in you has been terribly shaken. I ask you because I heard that you passed here as a married lady. Is that true?"

A keen observer might have noticed that her face grew pale—that she trembled and seemed for one moment uncertain.

"Is it true?" repeated Earle.

In the eyes raised to his face there was such blank innocence of expression that, in spite of his doubts, he felt ashamed of himself and his words.

"You heard such a thing of me!" she said. "Why, who could have told you?"

"That matters little; I heard it. Is it true?"

"You puzzle me," she said, with the same startled expression. "Why should I do such a thing—why pass myself off as married? I do not understand—you puzzle me, Earle."

"Is it true, or not?" he repeated.

"No," she replied.

"You swear that, likewise, before Heaven?"

"Certainly," she said, promptly. "I do not understand."

Then he blamed himself for being hard upon her.

"We will not discuss it any more," he said. "I have other things to say to you."

She looked slightly embarrassed, the fact being that she had quite lost her fear of him, and was only pondering now upon what she should do to get him away.

It would never do for Lord Vivienne to return and find him there; there would be a quarrel, to say the least of it. Besides, Lord Charles was not the most patient of men.

What would he do if he heard this nonsense about Earle claiming her? She had no idea of going back with Earle—sooner or later she would tell him so. It was very awkward for her, and she heartily wished she had never seen him.

She had no idea, even over so faint, of going back to Brackenside. She resolved that while he was talking she would settle her future plan of action. At first she hardly listened to him, then, by degrees, his words began to have a strong, weird interest for her.

"Doris," he said, "I think I have brought the strangest message that one human being ever brought to another. Give me your full attention."

She turned her beautiful face to his, thinking that he was going to say something about love or marriage. Far different were the next words that fell upon her ear.

"Doris," he said, "you have always believed yourself to be the daughter of Mark and Patty Brace, have you not?"

"Yes," she replied, wonderingly, "what else could I believe? You are the son of Mrs. Moray, of Lindenholm, are you not?"

"Certainly; but that is beside the question. You never, even in your own mind, doubted the truth of what I say?"

She laughed the little careless, sweet laugh that he remembered so well.

"To tell you the plain truth, Earle, I never felt myself quite a Brace—the manners and tastes of those good people were so different to my own."

"Then what I have to say will not shock you. You had no great love for the simple farmer and his kindly wife?"

"If you wish for the truth, again I say no. I had no great love for them. They were good in their way—that way was not mine."

"So it seems," he retorted. "Then you will not suffer any great amount of pain if I tell you that Mark Brace is not your father, nor his kindly wife your mother?"

"Now, Earle, you are inventing a romance to please yourself."

"Does it please you, Doris? I leave inventions to yourself; I tell you the plain, honest truth—you are no relation of theirs."

"Who am I then? If you take my old identity from me, you must, at least, give me a new one," she said, laughingly.

Her utter want of feeling and absence of all emotion annoyed him greatly.

"I will tell you a story," he said.

And with a glance and pathos all his own, he told the history of that night so long ago, when the little child was found at the door of the farm house.

She looked incredulous.

"Do you mean to tell me that I was that child? A wretched little foundling! I do not believe one word of it. This is your revenge—to humiliate me."

"You will know better soon," he replied, quietly. "Yes, you were that child. Patty Brace took you to her arms, and honest Mark Brace treated you like his own."

Her face flushed crimson, her lips curled with scorn, her eyes flashed light.

"I look very much like a foundling, do I not? Earle Moray, take your absurd stories elsewhere. She held up one white hand. "That looks like the hand of a foundling, does it not? Shame on you for trying to humiliate me! It is a pure invention. I do not believe one word of it, and I never shall."

"You have only heard the commencement," he replied, coolly. "Remember, I never used the word 'foundling' to you—you used it to yourself. It is not probable that I should do so when I know whose daughter you are."

"Ah! do you know? May I ask what honorable parentage you have assigned to me? This grows amusing. Remember, before you say another word, that I distinctly refuse to believe you."

"You will change your mind," he said, quietly. "I have not the least doubt that I am here to tell you the simple truth, and to take you back to your father."

The impulse was strong upon her to say that she could not go, but she refrained, thinking it quite as wise and politic to hear first to what she was to return.

"You must not ask me how I know your history," said Earle; "but it suffices that I do know it. Let me tell you, also, it did not surprise me so very much. I always thought, myself, that you were, as you say, of a different kind."

He saw the color creep slowly over her face and a new light dawn in her eyes.

"You will, henceforward, occupy a very different position, Doris," he said, gravely; "your place will be henceforth among the nobility."

"Ah! that's better," she said, in a low voice.

But he could see that she trembled with impatience. She had clasped her hands so tightly that the rings she wore made great dents in the tender flesh; still she would not betray her impatience.

"Your father is a nobleman, a wealthy British peer—Earl Linleigh—and you are his only child."

She grew white, even to the lips, and her breath came in quick gasps.

"Earl of Linleigh!" she repeated. "Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, Earle?"

"There is no mistake, Doris; your name and title is now Lady Doris Studleigh. Do you like it? Does it sound well?"

She drew her breath with a deep, heavy sigh.

"I can not believe it, Earle," she said; "it seems quite impossible that it should be true. It is what I used to dream when a child, but I never thought the dream would be realized. I can not believe it, Earle."

It was significant enough that she refused to believe him when she fancied that he wished to lower her in the social scale; but she never expressed the slightest doubt of the truth now; nor did even the faintest doubt occur to her. After the first emotion of surprise had passed, she looked at him again.

"My mother?" she said—"you have told me nothing about her. Who is she?"

"I have nothing to tell," he said; "I have nothing to say about her. I was commissioned simply to tell you this. I may add that your father's marriage was a private one, that he was for many years in India, and is now returning home to take possession of his estates."

"A private marriage!" she said, slowly. "I hope he has not married beneath him."

"There is no doubt but that the whole story of his marriage will be told to you," said Earle. "And now, Doris, listen to me—you must return with me; I can not go without you. I promised that you should go back with me, and it is imperative. The marriage will not be declared until you reach home."

"It is so sudden," she said.

"Yes, but you surely cannot hesitate, Doris. Remember not only what awaits you—your golden future—but remember, also, it is your own parents who summon you."

"You do not quite understand, Earle. I have no hesitation in going. Of course I shall go, but I want time to think."

"If you fear the people you are staying with will not be willing for you to go, it is a great mistake; they could not possibly make any objection. I will see them for you if you like."

She raised her head in quick alarm.

"No, I would rather not; it is not needful. Give me just ten minutes to decide. You are just; give me ten minutes in silence to think."

He remained mute and motionless by her side.

The Arno rippled musically at her feet; birds sung above her head.

"Tell me again," she said, "what will my rank and title be?"

"You will be the Lady Doris Studleigh, only daughter of the Earl of Linleigh—"

"And my fortune?" she interrupted.

"Of that I know nothing; but I should say it must be large. You will probably be a wealthy heiress."

"And there is a place waiting for me in the grand world?"

"Most certainly," he replied.

"Now, then, let me think, Earle. I am all bewildered and confused. Let me arrange my ideas, then I will explain them to you."

He did not know why she sat so silent, while quiver after quiver of pain passed over her face—why her hands were so tightly clasped; but she in that hour was reaping the reward of her folly.

What had she done? Had she, by her wicked sin, by her intense self-love, her eagerness for pleasure and luxury, her little esteem for virtue, her frivolous views of vice—had she by all these forfeited that glorious birthright which was hers? Had she lost all chance of this grand position which would fill the great

est desire of her heart? It was this most terrible fear that blanched her face and made her hands tremble, that caused her to sit like one over whom a terrible blight had fallen.

In her passionate desire for change and luxury, for pleasure and gayety, she had never even thought of her own degradation; it was a view of the subject that she had not yet taken; she had only thought of the lighter side.

Now it seemed to look her in the face with all its natural deformity. She shrank abashed and frightened—horror stricken—now that she saw her enormity in its full colors.

Still, it was not the sin that distressed her: that was nothing to her. It was the idea that through it she might lose the glorious future awaiting her; if this had not happened, she would never have regretted her fault.

If it were known—if this proud nobleman knew that she had passed as the wife of a man to whom she was not married, would he ever receive her as his daughter? No; she knew enough of the world to be quite sure of that.

Even Mark Brace would not do it. If he had the faintest possible idea of what her life had been since they parted, would he receive her, and think her a suitable companion for Mattie? No; she knew that he would not: he would have forgiven any sin save that. A disgraceful sin like hers he considered beyond pardon.

If Mark Brace, with his kindly, simple heart, could not pardon her, was it probable that Earl Lisleigh would? No! The only hope that remained to her was to keep her past life, with its terrible blunder, a dead secret—there was no other resource. Could she do that? It was just possible.

Only yesterday she had been railing against her life, declaring that it was all a disappointment, that she saw no one, and was getting tired of it; now she felt thankful that it was so, that she had seen but few strange faces, and most of these had been Italian ones. So that if she could keep her secret, she trusted no one would recognize in Lady Doris Studleigh the person who had been known as Mrs. Conyers.

CHAPTER XLII.

"HAVE you finished thinking yet, Doris?" asked Earle, gently.

"No," she replied. "I am getting a little clearer in my ideas, but I have by no means finished yet."

She had two plans before her. One was to wait for Lord Charles and tell him all—to trust to his generosity to keep their secret. Then she laughed bitterly as she repeated the words "generosity"—he had none.

He was reckless, extravagant over money, but as for generosity, honor, or principal, she knew he had none. In trusting to that she would indeed trust to a broken reed.

Besides, if she were once established in this new sphere of life, it would be highly disagreeable and offensive to have any one near her who knew of this episode.

If Lord Vivianne knew, he would always have her in his power; he would hold the secret like a drawn sword over her head. No; better for her own safety to steal away from him without saying one word.

Even if, in the after years, they should meet again, it was hardly probable that he would recognize in her, surrounded by all the luxuries of her position, the honored daughter of noble parents.

It was not likely that he would recognize in her the girl who had left Brackensted for his sake. As for leaving him—far from feeling the least regret, far from seeing that she treated him dishonorably, she smiled to herself at his consternation when he should return to the riverside and not find her.

"He will think that I have run away with some one else," she thought; and the idea amused her so intensely that she laughed aloud.

"You are well content," said Earle, bitterly.

"Why should I not be? You have brought me wealth and fortune, title and honor—all that my soul loves best. Why should I not be content?"

She had finished her musing now, and it had brought her to two conclusions: she must leave Lord Vivianne at once, and in silence, while she must at the same time, at any price, keep her secret from Earle.

Another and very probable idea occurred to her. It was this: by Earle being sent to fetch her, it was very evident that parents approved of him, and that she would have to marry him. Looking at him, she thought it was not such a bad alternative, after all.

He was handsomer, younger, stronger than Lord Vivianne; besides, what little affection she had had to give had always been his. Then she arose from her seat with a smile.

"I have finished thinking, Earle. To make matters square, I promise myself that I will not think again for ever so many moths."

"What is the result of your deliberation?" he said.

"I wish you would be a little kinder to me, Earle. You speak so gravely, you look so coldly, that you make me quite unhappy."

His face flushed slightly and his lips trembled.

"I do not wish to seem unkind, Doris, but let me ask you—what else besides coldness and gravity can you expect from me?"

"You know I always liked you, Earle."

"I know you betrayed and deceived me about as basely as it is possible to deceive any one. But we need not discuss that now."

She looked at him with a smile few men could resist, and held out her hands.

"Be friends, Earle; I like you too well, after all, to travel with you while you look so cold and stern. Give me one smile—only one—then I shall feel more at my ease."

"I do not think my smiles cheer, or the loss of them depresses you. Neither can I smile to order; still you need have no fear of traveling with me."

It was in her nature to respect him more, the more difficult he seemed to please.

"I shall manage him in time," she thought.

"I shall return with you, Earle," she said. "I have been thinking it all over, and I will go at once. I will not wait to say good-bye to the people here."

"But that seems strange—not quite right. Why not go and bid them farewell? Tell them the good fortune that has happened to you."

"No; they are very fond of me—the children especially. You do not know; they would not let me come away."

"But it does not seem right," persisted Earle.

"It is right enough; if I go back to them I shall not go with you. I can write to them as soon as I reach England, and tell them all about it."

"I know you will have your own way, Doris. It is useless for me to interfere; do as you please."

"That is like my old lover, Earle; now I begin to feel at home with you. I did use you very wickedly, but all the time I liked you."

"I know exactly the value of your liking," said Earle, who had determined to be cool and guarded.

She talked to him in the old sweet tones; she gave him the sweetest glances from her lovely eyes; she remembered all the pretty arts and graces which had attested him most; and Earle, despite his caution, despite his resolve, knew that his heart was on fire again with the glamor and magic of her beauty; knew that every pulse was throbbing with passion; and she knew, as well as though he had put it into words, that the old charm was returning, only a thousand times stronger.

She laid her white hand on his arm, and he shrunk shuddering from the touch. She only smiled; her time would come.

"I shall not return to the house where I have been living. The reason is that I wish them to forget me. I shall not like, when I am Lady Doris Studleigh, to be recognised by them."

That pride was so exactly like her, he understood it well.

"You can return to Florence if you like," she continued, with the air of a queen; "but if you wish to please me, you will walk on with me to the nearest railway station, and let us go at once to Genoa. We can travel from Genoa to London."

"But I have left my things at the hotel," he said.

"Is there anything particular among them, Earle?"

"No," he replied.

"Then you can send for them on your arrival. Please yourself. If you do not go on my terms, I shall go alone."

Then he looked at the rippling, golden hair, that fell in such shining profusion over her shoulders, at the dress of rich violet silk and delicate lace.

"You are not dressed for traveling. Why be so hasty?" he said.

"I can purchase anything I want at Genoa," she replied.

Then he noticed for the first time what costly jewels she wore, and how her hands were covered with shining gems. For the first time a thrill of uneasiness, of doubt, of fear, shot through him.

"You have some beautiful jewels, Doris," he said, slowly.

Her face flushed, then she laughed carelessly.

"How easy it is to deceive a man," she said; "a lady would have known at one glance that they were not real."

He felt greatly relieved.

"They are pretty, but not very valuable," she continued—"given to me by the children I have been teaching. If you do not like them, Earle, I will throw them into the Arno one by one."

"Why do that, if the little children gave them to you? I am no judge of precious stones, but looking at the light in these, I should have thought them real."

"Do you know that if they were real they would be worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds? You must think an English governess in Italy coins money."

He looked admiringly at her handsome dress, although too inexperienced to know its real value.

"This is my best dress, too," she said. "And do you know, Earle, that as I put it on I said to myself, I do not look amiss in this; I wish Earle could see me."

"Did you really?" he asked, a flush of delight rising to his brow. It is so very easy to deceive a generous and trusting man, that one might almost be ashamed to do it. "Did you, Doris? Then, although you ran away from me so cruelly, you did like me, after all?"

"Oh, Earle, what a question! Like you? Did you not feel sure that when I had seen something of the world—had stayed the fever of excitement—that I should return to you? Did you not feel sure of it?"

No such thought or intention had ever been in her mind, as it she wished to make the best of matters. It was no use for her to return to England unless she was the best of friends with him.

A few untruths, more or less, did not trouble her in the least, only provided that he believed them.

"I never thought so," was his simple reply. "I believed you had left me forever, Doris."

"You must never judge me by the same rule you would apply to others, Earle. I told you so from the beginning of our acquaintance; I tell you so now."

"I believe it," he replied.

Yet, although he saw that she wished to make friends and was flattered by the belief, he could not all at once forget the anguish and sorrow she had caused him.

Then she took out a little jeweled watch that she wore. Time was flying. In one short half hour Lord Charles would be back with her flowers and news of the opera box.

"How angry he will be," she said to herself, "to think that any one should thwart his sovereign will and pleasure. He will look in every pretty nook by the riverbank, then he will go into the house and ask, 'Have you seen Mrs. Conyers?' And no one will be able to answer him. I should like to be here to see the sensation. Then he will be sulky, and finally come to the conclusion that I have given him up, and have run away from him."

She was so accustomed to think of him as selfish, loving nothing but himself, that she never imagined that he had grown to love her with a madness of passion to which he would have sacrificed everything on earth.

She had been so entirely wrapped up in her own pursuits, in the acquisition of numberless dresses and jewels, that she had not observed the signs of his increasing devotion. Blind to his mad passion for her, she decided upon leaving him; and of all the mistakes that she ever made in her life, none was so great as this.

Ten minutes later they were walking rapidly toward the little town of Seipia; there they could go by train to Genoa.

As they walked along the high road Doris laughed and talked gayly, as though nothing had happened since they were first betrothed.

"This reminds me of old times, Earle," she said. "How goes the poetry, dear? I expected to hear that you have performed miracles by this time."

"You destroyed my poetry, Doris, when you marred my genius and blighted my life!"

She laid her hand caressingly on his.

"Did I? Then I must make amends for it now," she said.

And he was almost vexed to find how the words thrilled him with a keen, passionate delight. Suddenly she raised a laughing face to his.

"Was there a very dreadful sensation, Earle, when they found out I was gone?"

The smiling face, the laughing voice, smote him like a sharp sword. He remembered the pain and the anguish, the torture he had suffered, the long hours when he had lain between life and death; he remembered the fame he had lost, the sweet gift of genius, all destroyed; his heart broken, his life rendered stale and profitless, while she could smile and ask with laughing eyes if there had been much sensation.

"I believe," he cried, with a sudden pain of passion, "women are nerved with heartlessness!"

She was scared by his manner. Deep feeling and earnestness were quite out of her line; her bright, shallow nature did not understand it but she saw that for the future it would be better to say nothing to him about such matters as her running away from home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IT was a strange journey home, and during its course Earle often wondered why, at intervals, Doris laughed, as though she found the keenest enjoyment in her own thoughts.

He little imagined that she was revelling in the disappointment Lord Vivianne would feel; and she had enough of the woman in her to rejoice in his pain, and to feel pleased that she could deal him some little blow in return for the blow he had dealt her.

In her heart she had never forgiven him that he had not found her beauty and her grace inducement sufficient to make him marry her. She could not pardon him that, and she liked to think that he would be annoyed and vexed by her absence.

She little dreamed of the storm of passion in that heart of his. If she had had any inkling of it, she would most assuredly have done the wisest and most straightforward thing—told him her story, trusted him, and confided in what he called his honor—it would have been by far the safest.

As it was, his love became a fury of rage. He had gone into the city of Florence, thinking of her, anxious to gratify her every whim, desirous of pleasing her.

It had been her whim to sit by the riverside and read, while he went to purchase flowers and engage an opera box.

She had plenty of flowers in the luxurious house where he had placed her—she was surrounded by them—but they did not please her; she wanted some from a celebrated florist who supplied—so she had been told—the most fashionable ladies in Florence.

Then, too, she had a great desire to hear "Satanella," and knowing that it would be really impossible, unless Lord Vivianne went himself, to secure a box, she had taken the pretty caprice of sitting by the river until his return.

He returned in the highest spirits, having succeeded in all that she most desired. He brought with him some magnificent flowers, beautiful in color, rich in perfume; and he hastened back to the pretty nook where he had left her.

The river ran rippling by, the branches waved in the wind, the birds sung on the boughs, but there was no Doris.

Thinking that she had gone some few steps further down, he called her by her name, "Dora! Dora!" It seemed as though the wavelets ran away laughing at the sound, and the birds repeated it with mocking charms.

Then he saw upon the ground the book she had taken out with her, and smiled to himself as he picked it up. It was a pruriant French romance, and a cynical laugh came from his lips.

"I consider myself, to say the least of it, no saint; but it would never have occurred to me to bring such a book as that out into the sunshine to read."

From the river bank he could see the pretty villa, with its terrace and balconies. He thought it possible that Doris had gone home in search of something, and he sat down under the trees where that most momentous interview had taken place, and sung to himself an opera song.

Still, though the time passed pleasantly, she was long in coming. He occupied himself in thinking of her—of the wondrous grace and beauty of her face, of the smile that dazzled him, of the glory of her golden hair, of her wit, her repartee, her piquant words.

He owned to himself that she made the charm of his life—that without her it would have neither salt nor savor. Indeed, he had only been absent from her an hour or two, and he felt dull and wearied.

Life without Doris—why it would not be worth having!

Then he wished that she had belonged to some station of life so refined that he could have married her; but he checked the thought with a sigh. She was beautiful with a rare loveliness, but hardly the one that any man would chose to be the mother of his children.

Then the sunbeams fell slanting, and his lordship remembered that lunch would be waiting. He felt sure that she must be at home.

He walked quickly toward the villa, still carrying the magnificent flowers, but Mrs. Conyers was not there. He went into her room; it was just as she had left it—a scene of elegant confusion—dresses, jewels, laces, all in the most picturesque disorder.

The dress that she was to have worn at the opera lay there ready, the jewels with it. Evidently she had not gone far. He learned from her maid and other servants that she had not returned to the house since she left with him in the morning. Then Lord Charles became angry; he was not accustomed to this kind of treatment.

"She is hiding, I suppose," he said to himself, sullenly, "but if she expects me to make any fuss about finding her, she is mistaken. She can do as she likes."

He slept away the sunshiny afternoon, and awoke to the fact that dinner was ready, but that Doris had not returned; yet it was not until the shades of night had fallen that he began to feel any fear; then, slowly enough, it dawned upon him that she had left him.

At first he was incredulous and feared some accident had happened: he dreaded lest she should have fallen into the river, and made an active search for her. When he felt sure that she had gone, that she had in real truth abandoned him, his rage was terrible; he could not imagine how or why it was.

"She had everything here," he said to himself, "that any woman's heart could desire. Can she have met any one whom she liked better than me?"

He judged her quite correctly in thinking that nothing but superior wealth would have tempted her from him; but no one was missing from Florence, neither Italian or English. As for suspecting that Earle had followed and claimed her, such an idea never entered his mind; he would have laughed at it.

When there was no longer any doubt—when long days and longer nights had passed, and there was no sign of her return—when she never wrote to him or gave him the least sign of her existence, he was in a fury of rage and passion.

He paid the servants and sent them away. He flung her dresses and pretty ornaments into the river; he would have none of them. Then he swore to himself an oath that, let him find her again, as he would—wherever he would—he would take his revenge.

It would have been a thousand times better for her had she told him the truth and trusted him. Then he went away from Florence, but he swore to himself that he would find her, and when she was found she should suffer.

But of this, Doris, triumphant and happy, knew nothing. That journey home was delightful to her. She gloried in seeing Earle lose the dignity, the stern self-control, the coldness that had been so distasteful to her; she delighed in making his face flush, in saying words to him that made his strong hands tremble and his lips quiver; she delighted in these evidences of her power. Gradually he became the warm, impassioned lover that he had been once, and Doris was happy. While Earle was her friend all was safe.

"I hope," she said to him one day, "that they will not tease me at home with tiresome questions; I am so impatient I should never answer or hear them."

"If by home you mean Brackenside," said Earle, "it is not very probable; you will not be there very long."

"You had better give them a caution, Earle. I know my own failings so well. Tell them that you met me in Florence. Mind, if you use the word found I shall never forgive you. You met me in Florence, and, hearing that they were in trouble over me, I returned. That is what you have to say, Earle; neither more nor less."

He smiled at her vehemence.

"I will do all I can to please you, Doris," he said.

"That is well; if you do so, Earle, we shall be all right together. I like to be obeyed."

"It suits you," said Earle; "you were born to be a queen."

"Do they know anything at Brackenside of this wonderful story, Earle?" she asked, after a time.

"No; not yet—not one word; no one knows it but myself and you."

Yet he could see that as they drew nearer home and ill at ease. Once he asked her why it was, and she half laughed as she said:

"Mattie is so tiresome; I shall have no peace with her."

And again he repeated his formula of comfort, "It is not for long."

On the evening they reached Brackenside it was cold and windy. Rain had fallen during the day, but the rain-clouds had all disappeared; the sky was clear and blue, the moon shone, but the cold was great.

The scene in England was quite wintery: there was no Italian sun to warm it; the flowers and leaves were all dead; the fields looked gray, not green, and the wind wailed with a sound so mournful that it made one shudder to listen to it.

As they walked up the fields together, Earle said to his beautiful companion:

"According to Mark Brace's story, it was on such a night as this that you were brought to Brackenside."

She laughed.

"Do you know, Earle," she said, "I am quite ashamed of it, but I have a very uncomfortable sensation that I am returning home very much after the style of the Prodigal Son."

"Nothing of the kind," said generous Earle. He would not allow her to depreciate herself.

The wind was fearful; it bent the tall trees, and swayed them to and fro as though they were reeds. It moaned and wailed round the house with long-drawn, terrible cries.

"One would think the wind had a voice, and was foretelling evil," said Doris, with a shudder. "Listen, Earle!"

But the attention of the young poet was drawn to a pretty scene. Through the window of the farm-house a ruddy light came, like a beam of welcome.

"They are sitting there," said Earle—"the farmer and his wife, with Mattie. Let us go to the window, Doris; we shall see them, but they will not see us."

They drew near to the window. It was the prettiest home scene that was ever imagined. The ruddy light of the fire was reflected in the shining cupboard, in Mark's honest face—it played over the bent head of his wife, and on Mattie's brown hair.

Tears came into the young poet's eyes as he stood and watched; for Mark had taken the great Bible down from the shelf, and was reading aloud to his wife and child.

They could not distinguish what he was reading, but they heard the deep reverence in his voice, and how it faltered when he came to any words that touched him. They could see the look of reverence on Mattie's face, and the picture was a pleasing one—it touched all that was most noble in the heart of the young poet.

"I have seen just such a look as Mattie wears on the pictured faces of the saints," he said; and although Doris affected to laugh at his enthusiasm, she was half jealous of the girl who excited it.

Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to Earle; he turned quickly to her.

"Doris," he said, "raise your face to the quiet skies; let me look into the depths of your eyes. Tell me, before Heaven, are you worthy to return and take your place as sister by the side of that girl, whose every thought is pure, and every word devout?"

"I understand you," she said, coldly. "Yes, I am quite worthy to stand by her side!"

"Swear it before Heaven!" he cried.

And the unhappy girl swore it!

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE same wind that wailed so mournfully round the farm made sad music round the castle walls. Lady Estelle shuddered as she listened to it; it seemed so full of prophecy, and the prophecy was so full of evil. It moaned and sobbed, then went off into wild cries, then into fitful wails.

A scene was passing just then in the drawing-room of the castle, such as the dead and gone Herefords had never seen. A group of four people were assembled there, the duke looking older by twenty years than when we saw him last, his head bent, his stately figure drooping, as a man droops who has just met the most terrible blow of his life-time. All the pride and the dignity seemed to have died away from the face of the duchess, his wife; her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I shall never feel myself again," she said to her husband; "it is my death-blow."

Two others were in that group—Lady Estelle, whose face was ghastly pale; and, standing near her, a tall, handsome man, fair of face, frank, careless, and debonair. He was evidently trying to look sorry for something, but had not been able to succeed.

"It is so long since," he was saying, in a tone of apology; "but really I fear there can be no excuse offered."

"No," replied the duke, in a stern voice; "that is certain—none."

Two days before this two events had happened at the castle. One was, that Lady Estelle received a note from Earle, brief enough in itself, but full of import to her. It simply said:

"I have found her. She is now home, awaiting your summons. I am thankful not to have failed."

Lady Estelle grew white to the lips as she read those lines. Then she wrote a second letter. It was just as brief, and was addressed to the Earl of Linleigh. It said:

"There is no use in further delay: come to the castle whenever you like, only give me twelve hours' notice."

Then came a letter which sorely puzzled the duke. It was from the Earl of Linleigh, saying that he should be happy to pay the duke a visit if it were quite convenient, and that he would be at the castle on Wednesday, when he would have something particular to say to him. The duke read the letter, then passed it over to his wife with a very anxious look.

"He follows his letter, you see; he gives me no time to refuse him. I suppose we can both guess what he wants to see me about."

"I am afraid so," said the duchess, with a sigh. "I am afraid she likes him. If she does, we must look up on the brightest side. Perhaps time has steadied him. Certainly, to be Countess of Linleigh is a great thing, after all."

"The title is right enough," said the duke; "it is the bearer of it whom I neither like nor trust."

Neither of them were prepared to hear the story that Ulric Earl of Linleigh, had to tell them. Even to the duchess, who honestly believed her daughter was in love with the earl, her conduct seemed strange. She was nervous, she talked but little, yet it was the look of happy, dreamy content that sat on her face.

It struck the duchess at last—there was no mistake about it—Lady Estelle looked exceedingly ill. She had expected to see her daughter manifest some little sign of delight at the coming of her lover; she had expected some little attention to dress, some of the many hundred pretty ways of showing delight, but she saw none.

Then the day dawned which was to bring the earl, and the duchess felt sure, from her daughter's face, that she had spent the greater part of the night in tears.

Through some mistake in the time of his arrival, Lady Estelle was alone; the duke had not returned from his drive, and the duchess had driven over to the neighboring presbytery.

The earl was not expected until six, but he arrived at four. It was perhaps well for Lady Estelle that she had not more time for anticipation; it was a terrible time for her—a trying ordeal.

She was alone in the library when she heard the sound of carriage wheels; she never dreamed it was he till the sudden opening of the library door, and the footman announced—

"The Earl of Linleigh!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GOOD WOMAN.—I account a pure, intelligent, and well-bred woman the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister, and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence.

As an element of society she invites into finest demonstration all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood; but, surely, in womanhood God most delights to show the beauty of holiness, and the sweetness of the love of which He is the infinite source.

It is for this reason that a girl or a young woman is a very sacred thing to me. It is for this reason that a silly young woman is a very vicious one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthily to young women.

G. L.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOUSTACHES AND THEIR MEANING.—Some men are very proud of their moustaches, training them in the way they should go, and otherwise taking great care of them. But Dr. Main says these ornaments are often the outward and visible sign of character. Men of a fierce disposition usually give their moustaches an upward turn, men of a more languid nature allow them to grow long and downwards, while men of mystery, with calm faces well under control—like the Emperor Napoleon III.—wear them stiff and straight on the horizontal line.

YAWNING FISHES.—It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice, and a cod once—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, deserves more particular description. A turbot's mouth is twisted on one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which someone had accidentally been trod on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real, genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and come out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.

THE OAK.—The male flowers of the oak are gathered in distinct clusters round a long, swaying stalk; they approach much nearer to the conventional idea of a flower individually. Instead of being a mere aggregation of anthers of pollen cells on simple scales, those of the oak are possessed of distinct starlike, hairy calyces, each marked off into six or seven lobes, and containing ten slender stamens, with two celled anthers. Then the female flowers, which are usually two or three, near each other, but not connected, consist each of an ovary, with three short curved styles and invested by a calyx that adheres closely to it and becomes the husk or shell of the acorn. The whole, except the styles, is held in a cup formed of many small, overlapping scales, which afterward lose their individuality and shrink into mere roughness on the outside of the cup that holds the acorn. For only one of the six ovules contained in the ovary develops into an acorn of the se or oak.

CHANGE THE CARRIER.—Every year, on the approach of winter, thousands and thousands of birds, little as well as big ones, have to leave their summer quarters in search of sunnier lands. How large birds of strong wing can cross such a wide stretch of water as the eastern part of the Mediterranean it is easy to understand, but how do the wee ones, like wrens, titmice, finches, and the rest manage it? Why, they ride first class on the back of cranes. In autumn great flocks of cranes may be seen traveling southwards, flying low and giving forth a strange cry, as if of warning, and they sweep along southwards. As soon as they hear this note all kinds of little birds fly up to the cranes and settle on their backs, the twitter of those already snugly squatting thereon being audible at times. Then when spring re-visits the north, and it is time for the little things to return to their old haunts, the cranes carry them back again—this time, however, flying high, as if they felt assured their tiny friends would easily reach the earth once the great sea were passed.

SURNAMES.—The old saying is all that has survived of the superstition that it is unlucky for a woman to wed one whose surname begins with the same letter as her own:

"To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse and not the better."

June was the month that the ancients considered most propitious for marriages, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon, or the conjugation of the sun and moon. The month of May was to be avoided as under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. Ovid says:

"Let maid or widow that would turn to wife,
Avoid the season dangerous to life;
If you mind old saws, mind, this say:
'Tis bad to marry in the month of May.'"

There is another more common form of this prediction unfavorable to marriage in the month of May, which may be the one which he refers to:

"Marry in May,
You'll rue the day,
To marry in May
Is to wed poverlie."

WHEN THE CHILDREN

BY M. E. S.

When the setting sun is gilding
All the cloudlets in the west,
And the weary world is sinking
Softly, softly down to rest,
Then the tall white lily, bending,
Folds her petals purely bright,
And the birds their nests are seeking
When the children say "Good night!"

Gaudy butterflies are sleeping
In the rose's crimson heart;
Round the cottage eaves the swallows
Cease at length to wheel and dart;
Daisies hide their eyes so golden
In their pink-tipped petals white,
And the stars their lamps are lighting,
When the children say "Good night!"

Countless white-robed little figures
Kneel to say their evening pray'r,
And the lisping voices echo
Through the quiet balmy air;
Then the eyelids close so gently
In the slowly-fading light,
And the angels watch are keeping,
When the children say "Good night!"

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

HER father looked after her—we all know the look of love and anxiety!

"She is not strong!" he said, as if to himself, rather than to Gerald. "Her mother died of consumption, and"—he cleared his throat—"People think money brings happiness!" He laughed grimly.

"Of all the nonsense that ever passed current for truth, that's the rankest! I'd give every penny I've got, and be content to take up a spade and work in the fields, if I could have my poor girl hale and hearty as one of the farmer's laborer's daughters.

"Here—speaking of money—confound it!—hadn't I better give you some on account of that portrait? I don't know how you stand, my boy"—he often addressed Gerald in some such affectionate terms as this—"but I know what it is to be short; and you won't take offence, I'm sure."

"Of course, I won't," said Gerald, frankly. "Yes, I am short. Give me five pounds, Mr. Harling."

The old gentleman looked dissatisfied.

"Is that enough? I'm not much of an art critic, but I've sense enough to know that that portrait you're painting is worth a great many five-pound notes. Let me make it twenty—fifty."

Gerald laughed.

"We'll compromise, and say ten," he said.

Mr. Harling took one from a thick bundle of notes, and put it in Gerald's hand.

"I wish you'd let me—well, well! I never paid money more willingly," he added; "and—and, look here, I'm a man of few words, but what I say I mean, I want you to consider me your banker. I'm serious. Perhaps, some day you'll understand——" He stopped short.

"Anyway, I can't forget you saved her life, and I want you to feel that you can draw on me for"—his face grew red, and his eyes almost fierce—"for half a million, if you like!"

Gerald was touched, and, as usual, he covered his emotion with a laugh.

"Thanks!" he said. "But I shouldn't know what to do with half a million if I had it."

"I'm sure I don't!" said Mr. Harling, ruefully. "Sometimes I've thought of buying a big house, and setting up as a country gentleman; but I've got a touch of the wandering Jew in me, and I know that, as sure as fate, I should want to up sticks, and be off, just about the time I had thought I'd settled down. And—and, there's Grace,"—he paused and looked at the fire—"I shouldn't like my girl to be the prey of some fortune-hunter; and I know well enough that if we lived up to our confounded money, they'd flock around. I'd rather see her the wife of an honest carpenter, say, than one of the sort I have in my mind."

"Miss Grace has too much sense to make a wrong choice," said Gerald. "She is worthy of the best man that ever lived!" He spoke warmly, and the old man glanced at him rather wistfully.

"That's so! Of course I agree with you. But you've known her long enough to know what she is—the best, and most loving daughter a man ever had."

A meaner man than Gerald might have thought Mr. Harling was flinging his daughter at his head; but Gerald had no such suspicion.

"She has seemed so much better lately," said Mr. Harling, after a pause; "but to-day she has fallen back to what she was before we came here. I noticed the change last night when she said good night. I know her looks so well, you see."

"Depend upon it the change will do her good," said Gerald encouragingly.

"Yes, yes; I hope so!" said the old man. "I'm going on business——" He paused a moment. "You don't take much interest in the people about here, do you?"

Gerald shook his head.

"No," he said. "I have scarcely spoken to any of them—excepting the men who come into the inn. Why?"

"Nothing — nothing!" responded Mr. Harling, quickly. "I only asked—— Well, it's time for bed, I suppose. I'm sorry you won't take the twenty or the fifty, my boy."

But Gerald refused, with a shake of the head.

The Harlings started the next morning. As Gerald put Grace into the carriage, he chose a great, soft fur traveling-wrap from the multitudinous shawls and rugs, and wrapped it round her.

"Stand up, please," he said, in his pleasant, masterful way. "The air is rather sharp this morning, and you must not catch cold at starting."

"I shan't catch cold," she said; but she stood up all the same, and he wound her up in it "like a mummy!" as she declared.

"Good things are rare and precious nowadays, Miss Grace," he said; "and when we find them we take care of them! Now, you are not to get outside of that until you reach the station, and then you are to put it on again."

"Who made you my keeper?" she said, with a smile. Then, as the significance of the question smote her, she crimsoned.

Gerald was all unconscious.

"Never you mind," he said, with affected sternness. "You've got to do as you're told. Good-bye! Come back strong and well; and, for Heaven's sake, don't be longer than you can help!"

He shook the little, daintily-gloved hand, and the carriage started, with the usual fuss and noise.

Grace sank back; but Mr. Harling looked after the stalwart figure as long as it was visible.

"Splendid fellow!" he said. "It's like parting with one's own son. You like him, Grace, eh?"

She could not speak as she battled with her tears. He looked at her, and his weather-beaten face grew red and then pale.

"Grace, my dear, my dear!" he murmured, aghast, as the truth flashed upon him.

"Don't—don't speak to me—not yet—for a little while?" she said, in a broken whisper.

He leant forward, his face all lines, and took her hand and pressed it. "I—I don't know—oh, my dear! But," with a note of hope and encouragement in the word.

"No, no," she said, with a little gasp. "He will not! He will not! I know it!"

"But," he stammered, "you—he said himself how—how pretty you are—he knows how good; he——"

"No, no!" she murmured, passionately. "He will never care for me—like me! There—there is someone else!"

The father gasped.

"Yes, there is someone else! Do not speak of it again, father! Never even look it! It can never be—what you want! There is someone else he loves with all his heart."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Never mind. I know. But, father," leaning forward, with tearful eagerness; "you won't let it make any difference in your feeling towards him; remember, he saved my life, and at the risk of his own!"

The old man sighed.

"Yes," he said, after a pause. "I'm not likely to forget—it. No, it shan't make any difference. But—but—I can't give up hoping! No man with a heart in his bosom could help loving you, Grace—if you—loved him, and he knew it."

"Still! It is happiness to love, dear, even—even if one cannot get love in return."

He did not understand, poor old man! how could he? But he kept silence as if he did; which was the best thing he could do!

When they had gone Gerald began at the background of the portrait. They say that an artist always falls in love with his subject—more or less—and Gerald regarded the painted face, with its extraordinary fairness and girlish charm, rather sadly.

He missed the father and daughter very much. Grace especially. It seemed very dull and dreary all day without the old man's bustling presence, and the girl's soft, gentle voice. It seemed to ring in his ears and haunt him.

When it grew dusk he went for a walk and thought of Claire; and when he went to bed he took the envelope from the drawer and tried to compose those few words which were to accompany the papers. But they wouldn't "come," and he tossed the envelope into the drawer again.

That night he dreamt of her. It was a strange dream. He thought he saw her walking through the London streets. It was pelting with rain, and she looked cold, and wet, and unhappy. He woke in the morning with the dream still haunting him.

It was absurd, of course. The idea of Miss Sartoris, of Court Regna, stalking through the wet and muddy streets of London, alone and unhappy! But the impression of the dream clung to him, and, suddenly, there came upon him a great longing to see—if not Claire herself—the place in which she lived. It grew until it became irresistible.

He could not paint. He went out—it rained—and he tried to walk the feeling off; but it would not be walked off. He could still see her, helpless and alone in the dreariness and ugliness—and, yes, terror—of the London street.

He tried smoking the feeling off, it is wonderful how easily chimeras can be laid to rest by the pipe! But in this instance the faithful tobacco failed.

"After all," he muttered to himself, as he undressed. "There's no reason why I should not go to Regna! I want to see what they've done with that wing—I want—I could take the boat to Bristol, and just run over there and back. And I can give her these confounded papers.

"Why shouldn't I go? She—she can't eat me; she can only kill me with a cold glance from those beautiful eyes of hers!" He groaned. "Ah, well, it just comes to this; I must see her once more!"

When he came down the next morning, he was dressed for the journey.

"I am going away for a few days' holiday," he said to the landlady; "only a few days."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN Mordaunt Sapley slunk away from Claire he went on his way to the Court slowly, with bent head and writhing lips, the picture of a whipped hound; but as he neared the house he recovered something of his usual presence of mind.

If Claire had really relinquished all claim to Court Regna, and was resolved to "disappear," the course was clear to him.

He would have preferred to have won her as well as Regna, but if she were beyond his reach—well, Regna alone would do! At any rate, her absence made things easy for him. But how to account for her flight—for it would seem nothing less than flight to the servants and the country.

Mordaunt's inherited shrewdness came to his aid, and before he had crossed the threshold of the great house which his father coveted, he had concocted an explanation of Claire's sudden departure.

"I have just met Miss Sartoris," he said to the butler. "She has heard bad news. A relative—a near relative—is bad, very ill, indeed, in Italy, and she has gone to nurse her."

"Indeed, sir! Miss Sartoris' maid said that she had gone quite sudden, and seemed upset like."

"Yes," said Mordaunt. "Miss Sartoris is very much attached to—to her relative. I'm afraid Miss Sartoris will not be back for some time—months, perhaps. You will let things go on as usual, please. Miss Sartoris said something about letting the house—furnished—but we shall know later on. Meanwhile, please say nothing about it."

"Certainly not, Mr. Mordaunt," said the butler; and, as Mordaunt knew, immediately, retailed the whole conversation in the servants' hall, from whence it spread, with telegraphic despatch, round the neighborhood.

Mordaunt went home to his father. He found the old man sitting close over the fire, glowering, and muttering to himself.

"She has gone, as I expected," said Mordaunt, pulling off his gloves.

The old man turned his head and showed his fangs.

"Gone? The deuce with her, let her go! It's the best thing she could do, if she wouldn't take you."

"She would never have 'taken me,' as you put it."

"Then let her go," exclaimed old Sapley, with an oath. "She was only there on sufferance—my sufferance! Let her go as she came! It leaves the coast clear. We'll move into the Court at once, eh, Mordy?"

Mordaunt knit his brows. "Not at once," he said. "Notice of foreclosure must be served on her."

"I served it months ago," said the old man with a chuckle. "I handed it to her amongst other papers; but I'll bet a hundred pounds she never read it!"

"I daresay. But, still, we must not be precipitate. We must not set the whole country against us. If we go there——"

"If!" exclaimed old Sapley, fiercely. "There is no 'if' about it! I say we shall! I've set my heart upon it! Court Regna is mine—yours—ours—and we'll live there."

"Very well; don't excite yourself," said Mordaunt. "We will go there, but only as tenants, stewards in charge."

The old man growled.

"No; as owners, rightful owners! Hang it, doesn't it belong to me?"

"We will go there, presently, at Miss Sartoris' request," said Mordaunt. "Leave it to me. The first thing we have to do is to find her. I am going up to London by the morning train, and I'll track her. It will be well to know where she is."

The old man swore again.

"I don't care where she is!" he said, with a grim chuckle. "We've done with her, Court Regna is mine, Mordy—mine and yours."

Mordaunt took the morning train for London, but, though he made diligent inquiries, he failed to trace Claire.

Her simple plan of getting out at Clapham Junction—that railway labyrinth—baulked him, and though he spent two days in hard searching in the great metropolis, he failed to get any clue.

He came back to find his father triumphant and stiff necked in his resolve to take possession of the Court; and Mordaunt had to yield against his wiser judgment. He gave out that Claire had decided upon wintering abroad, and that she had desired Mr. Sapley to occupy the house.

The county wondered and marvelled. Why should Miss Sartoris so suddenly abandon Court Regna? Why should she so suddenly resign the place in which she had just commenced, so to speak, to reign? Lord Chester drove over and had an interview with Mordaunt—an interview in which Mordaunt scored all along the line.

It was Miss Sartoris' wish that he and his father should occupy the house. What had Lord Chester to say against it? Lord Chester asked Miss Sartoris' address. Mr. Mordaunt, alas, could not furnish it. Any communication Lord Chester might send would be forwarded to Miss Sartoris.

A nine days' wonder is reduced in these electric times to two or three at the utmost, and the country soon grew accustomed to Mr. Sapley's occupancy of the Court. And, indeed, Mordaunt played his cards with a skill which few would have deemed him capable of.

He subscribed liberally to every charity and social fund in the locality. He threw open the Court grounds—and they were famous for their extent and beauty—to all and every comer, and he made himself popular with the small farmer and landowner all round the country side.

Lord Wrayborough, amongst others, was puzzled.

"I can't understand it!" he said, for the hundredth time. "The girl has disappeared as if she were spirited away, and those confounded Sapleys reign in her stead! There has never been anything like it in the history of the county! It is inexplicable! And yet, I—I can't say that the change hurts us—excepting in the absence of a charming girl! Mr. Mordaunt Sapley keeps things going. He is liberal to a fault, and—and—but, dash it, if I can understand it!"

Mordaunt was liberal to a fault. He understood the power of money, and he lavished it with a free hand. His father often groaned in spirit over the expenditure, but he did not dare to complain. He seemed to have surrendered his old strong will to his son.

At times he looked at Mordaunt thoughtfully, as he had looked at him on the night he, the father, had asserted his power over Court Regna.

Mordaunt always appeared so confident, so self-assured, that the old man had relaxed that peculiar questioning expression. He seemed content to wander about the Court with his head lowered, his arms

folded behind him, muttering to himself, and chuckling now and again.

Some of the servants gave notice—they did not care to serve under the Sapleys—but their places were soon filled. The old butler found it hard to have to serve "Old Sapley and his son, Mr. Mordaunt!" as he had served Lord Wharton and Miss Sartoris; but he got used to it in time. The place and the perquisites were worth having.

Gradually, week by week, month by month, the Sapleys slipped into Claire's place. Mordaunt spent money right royally. There was no stint.

The county began to recognise them—money will do anything nowadays. It is the one all-powerful factor in society. There was a vacancy of the bench, and Mordaunt—not his father—was offered it. He accepted it, with becoming modesty, and became a J. P.

About this time, Captain Hawker died. He had been ailing for some months, and his death caused no surprise. There was almost a public funeral, and Mordaunt attended it, appropriately clad in black and mourning garb.

The old captain's death awakened memories of his and Lucy's wrongs, and for some weeks there was a great deal of talk in the Regna Arms; but it was soon forgotten.

But Mr. Mordaunt Sapley's kindness in following the old man's corpse to the grave was remembered vividly enough, and counted in his favor.

At this time there was no man in the county more popular than Mordaunt Sapley; and as at this time the member for the county shuffled off his mortal coil, Mordaunt was formally asked to stand. He talked the matter over with his father. The old man welcomed the idea eagerly.

"Why not, Mordy?" he said, his eyebrows working up and down, his small eyes lighting up.

"Yes, stand, my boy, and you'll get in! It will cost money," he groaned, and tried to hide the groan in a cough; "but we can spend it as well as the other side. A member of Parliament isn't as much as he used to be, but he's something. He's looked up to in the county, and there's pickings in London to be got out of it; you'll get a seat on the boards of some of the new companies, and that's worth having. Yes, stand, Mordy!"

Mordaunt told the deputation which waited upon him that he would become their candidate, if they could not get a better man. He spoke modestly, and with a pleasant friendliness, and gave the deputation a capital lunch.

In a few days the hoardings in Thraxton, and all the available spaces in Regna were blazing with his address, and adjurations of "Vote for Sapley!" And old Sapley walked about the place and stopped and stared at the bills with a senile chuckle of satisfaction and triumph.

Mordaunt addressed a meeting, a crowded meeting, of the electors, and spoke very well, spoke so well that he surprised Lord Chester, who, perforce, took the chair, and delighted the sharp Parliamentary agent from London.

Only once did Mordaunt falter and lose the thread of his discourse, and that was at the moment when Jenks, the coastguard, pushed his way into the room through the crowd at the door.

Not satisfied with finding standingroom, Jenks shouldered and pushed until he got close up to the platform, and, leaning against the wall, he kept his eyes fixed upon Mordaunt, with a glassy, expressionless stare, which any young speaker would have found trying.

The man was an eyesore to Mordaunt, and he sometimes felt inclined to use what influence he possessed, and get Jenks moved to another station; but he took no steps to effect his removal.

After the meeting, men prominent in the district crowded round him with, if not friendly, cordial attentions, and assured him of their support, and Mordaunt drove home with that peculiar hot feeling about the eyes which elation causes.

He found his father sitting over the fire in the library of the Court—it was the smallest of the living-rooms, and the only one in which the old man was at all comfortable—if he could be said to be comfortable in any—and he greeted Mordaunt with an eager exclamation.

"It is all right," said Mordaunt quickly, but with a tone of satisfaction in his voice, and a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "A very good meeting, and a unanimous vote of confidence. Everybody was very friendly; and even Lord Chester said polite things. They seem to think that I shall get in."

The old man nodded and chuckled, and rubbed his hands together, his cavernous eyes gleaming in a more pronounced way than Mordaunt's!

"Right, Mordy, right! Yes, we'll show 'em that we are as good as they are when brains come in! I'm sorry I wasn't there, Mordy. I should have liked to hear you speak."

Mordaunt's ardor cooled down. He had persuaded his father to remain at home.

"It is as well you were not," he said. "There was a great deal of excitement, and you are not strong enough for that kind of thing."

"No, no," said old Sapley, moodily. "I don't know what's come to me lately. I've got nervous, and—and—fearful about things. And I'm here at Court Regna, too! At Court Regna!"

He looked round gloatingly, and rubbed his hands. "At the Court, Mordy, me, the agent and steward! Think of it! And my son, Mordaunt, going to be member for the county division. Ah, I ought to be satisfied!"

He drew a long breath, and grinned; but even while his mouth was twisted into a smile, his eyes, fixed on Mordaunt, grew anxious and fearful.

It was not the first time Mordaunt had seen this peculiar expression on his father's face, indeed, he had become used to it, and ceased to ask what it meant; but it always annoyed him, just as Jenks' stolid stare annoyed him.

After the night of the meeting Mordaunt's canvass commenced in real earnest, and he was seen in public as often as possible.

He did not venture upon a dinner at the Court—the absence of a lady seemed a sufficient excuse—but he asked people to lunch, and the butler was instructed to be liberal with the ale whenever a Regna voter entered the servants' hall.

The game had been very much neglected during Lord Wharton's time and Claire's short reign, and Mordaunt, who knew the value of good preserves to a candidate, set to work to improve matters.

He got a good keeper, and gave him carte blanche, and let it be known that the poaching would have to cease. A few days after the first election meeting his keeper came to him and said that the poaching was very bad, and that one man was continually at it.

He had managed to elude capture, and even recognition, up to the present, but the keeper was sure he could catch him if Mr. Mordaunt would give him an extra hand. Mordaunt employed an extra hand, and a few days later the keeper brought the mysterious poacher into the library.

Mordaunt was jotting down the notes of a speech, and looked up, impatiently, to see—Jenks, the coastguard!

"What is it? Who is this?" he demanded, almost angrily.

The keeper explained. This was the fellow who had given him so much trouble, and had hitherto managed to escape; but he, the keeper, had contrived a little trap, and the scoundrel had fallen into it, and been caught red-handed.

The keeper was grimly triumphant, but, strange to say, the prisoner did not seem much cast down, or, indeed, hardly disconcerted, as he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets—from one of which a hare at that moment projected—and his eyes fixed on the wall just above Mordaunt's head, with a stolid stare.

Mordaunt eyed him angrily.

"What do you mean by poaching in my preserves, Jenks?" he demanded.

The man lowered his eyes and looked Mordaunt squarely in the face, but said nothing.

"He's been at it night after night, sir!" said the keeper. "I found two pheasants lying beside him when I nabbed him."

Jenks said nothing, but his eyes met—with an expressionless stare—Mordaunt's angry gaze changing slowly to one of ordinary annoyance and vexation.

"Leave him to me *for* a moment, keeper," he said, much to the worthy man's astonishment.

When the door had closed upon the keeper Mordaunt addressed Jenks.

"What the deuce do you mean by poaching on the preserves, Jenks?" he said, irritably. "You know that—that I am getting up the game, that I have shooting parties, and want some birds for my guests—I don't care so much for myself—and—and why the deuce can't you leave them alone?"

A slow, stolid kind of smile—too stolid and slow to be called triumphant—stole over Jenks' face; but he said nothing.

"You'll get into trouble if you don't take care," resumed Mordaunt. "You can't expect me to let you off again, if you're caught. Keep out of the preserves, my good fellow, or you'll find yourself in jail."

"I ain't afraid, Mr. Mordaunt," said Jenks. "A man must get the price of a pint somehow or other."

Mordaunt shut his teeth sharply. What was there about the man, or in his manner, that always reminded him——of—of Lucy and that narrow slip of sand below the west cliff?

"Confound you!" he said, passionately. "You talk like an idiot! I believe you are a little mad. Here, take that, and leave my game alone for the future." And he actually flung the man a sovereign. "Here, go out this way"—he opened the casement window—"and keep out of the keeper's way for the future, or——"

He paused, for Jenks turned and looked at him waitingly; then, as Mordaunt did not finish the sentence, he went out. Mordaunt sank into his chair and looked before him vacantly for a moment; then he called the keeper in.

"The man is an old coastguardsman, and begged hard to be let off, and I have let him go on the understanding that he keeps away from the preserves," he said. "If he breaks his word we will prosecute."

The keeper stared in amazement. "I thought you wanted the game kept up, sir," he said, as he departed, disgusted and disappointed.

Mordaunt sat looking before him for some minutes after the keeper had left the room.

Why did he not prosecute Jenks? Why had he given him money instead of sending him to jail?

As he asked himself the question, with a fierce kind of impatience, Lucy's face rose before him, and he heard her voice, praying for mercy and pity, and his own face went white.

"Curse the fellow!" he muttered. "The sight of him always—always makes a fool of me. And yet there's no reason——"

He took up his pen again, but he could not go on with his notes—his ideas were all scattered—and he flung the pen into the stand and went out into the hall and took his hat from the stand.

He had got almost as far as the door and the bell rang. The porter opened it and someone said—

"Is Miss Sartoris at home?"

Mordaunt's heart seemed to sink within him at the sound of the voice for it seemed as if it was the voice of Gerald Wayre.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"IS Miss Sartoris at home?"

The simple, commonplace question sent the blood rushing back to Mordaunt Sapley's heart like a cold flood. The voice was Gerald Wayre's! Mordaunt stood staring stupidly at the door like a man paralised.

"Miss Sartoris is not here, sir," said the servant, one of the new ones who did not know Gerald, "but Mr. Sapley—" and he looked towards Mordaunt and made way for Gerald to enter.

Gerald crossed the threshold and saw Mordaunt, and the two men stood and looked at each other for a moment. Mordaunt was pale, but he forced a smile, a sickly smile.

"Mr. Wayre!" he said.

"Good morning," said Gerald, too moved at finding himself once more inside the Court to notice Mordaunt's agitation; "I wish to see Miss Sartoris—" he began, then something in Mordaunt's manner struck him. "You are surprised to see me, Mr. Sapley?"

"Ye-s," said Mordaunt, fighting hard for calmness to hit upon his course of action. What should he do? He had known that the man might turn up some time or other, but he had hoped against hope. Chance had hitherto favored him so completely. Gerald might have died!

"Yes, I must confess that I am. I thought that you had left this part of the country for good, Mr. Wayre."

"So I had," said Gerald, "but I have suddenly discovered that I had something belonging to Miss Sartoris, and I thought," he hesitated, "that I would bring it to her."

Mordaunt shifted, so that the light was off his face, and on Gerald's. He saw that Gerald looked well—grave, but well—and as handsome as ever.

The time that had elapsed since their last meeting, the time and all that it had contained, had caused lines in Mordaunt's face and hardened it, but Gerald seemed unchanged, but for the air of gravity.

"Miss Sartoris is not here," said Mordaunt, regaining his composure. "She is not in England."

"Not in England?" repeated Gerald, his face flushing and then growing pale. He knew at that moment how ardently he had looked forward to seeing her, just seeing her and hearing her voice.

"No," said Mordaunt, looking down at the tesselated floor, as if he saw its pattern for the first time. "She went abroad to join a relative who was ill; and to nurse her as well."

Gerald was silent a moment, then he said, "Can you give me her address?"

"I cannot," said Mordaunt with the promptness of perfect truth. "She is travelling about in the South of Europe, I believe."

Gerald looked round.

"She will return soon, perhaps?" he said, interrogatively. "I see the Court is not closed."

"No," said Mordaunt; he paused a moment. "My father and I are living here." If he did not tell Gerald he would learn it from someone else.

Gerald looked surprised.

"You are living here?" he said; then he added quickly, "I beg your pardon! It is no business of mine. Then Miss Sartoris' return is uncertain?"

"Quite," said Mordaunt. "When did you come back, Mr. Wayre?"

"Just now; only an hour ago," said Gerald.

"Do you intend to stay long?" Mordaunt could not refrain from asking.

Gerald shook his head.

"No—I don't know!" he said, hesitatingly. "No." He looked round the hall. Not a thing was altered; it seemed as if he had not been absent for longer that a few hours!

Mordaunt's heart began to beat more freely. Perhaps the fellow would go away again, go before he learnt that he was suspected of having taken Lucy Hawker away!

"If you will leave me your address I will send you notice of Miss Sartoris' return," he said. "But won't you come in, and—and have some refreshments?"

Gerald shook his head.

"No, thanks!" he said, still abstractedly. "I am staying at—" He paused. "But it is no use my giving you my present address; I may be leaving there shortly, any time."

"If you would like to leave anything in my charge for Miss Sartoris, I will see that she has it," said Mordaunt.

Gerald took the envelope from his pocket. "There are some papers I found in the old bureau, in the west wing—I don't know whether you remember it? I put them in my pocket, and—of course—they have remained there until I came upon them by chance, the other day."

"I remember the bureau," said Mordaunt. "I don't suppose they are of any consequence. What are they?"

"I don't know," said Gerald. "I have not unfolded them." He held out the envelope, and Mordaunt stretched out his hand for it. Even as his fingers touched it, Gerald drew it back.

"After all," he said, with a smile, "I think I will give it to Miss Sartoris myself. I wish to speak to her, and—and it will seem an excuse," he laughed apologetically.

Mordaunt nodded.

"As you please," he said. "Are you—are you going to the village, to stay?" he said.

Gerald nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I should like to see the old place again. Though it seems that it, or rather the people, have forgotten me already," and he laughed rather grimly.

Mordaunt's heart began to sink again. "How do you mean?" he asked, with simulated carelessness.

"Oh, only that one or two persons—one of the fishermen and an old woman and a girl—passed me and stared without speaking, as if I were my own or somebody else's ghost!"

The color ebbed in Mordaunt's cheek. "I don't understand!" he said, steadily. "Oh, I daresay they weren't sure of you. It is some time since you were here——"

"A few months!" put in Gerald.

"Is it not longer?" said Mordaunt, with genuine surprise. It seemed years, awful years, to him.

"No," said Gerald, "and country folk, at any rate, should have longer memories."

"I have no doubt they were surprised to see you under the circumstances," said Mordaunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We may be sometimes blamed when our designs are pure, or praised when we are not conscious of deserving it. Such results must indeed often happen, since this is a state of probation and not of reward. It is a weak faith that cannot look above mistakes and misconstruction. It is a crippled trust that can walk abroad only when the breeze is soft and the path verdant.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Oh tender days of brightness,
From out the happy past,
To-day your memory beauty
Upon my life is cast.

You come to me in visions,
You bring before my eyes,
Those fair dead days of gladness,
Beneath the past's bright skies.

A wondrous time of beauty,
Days of love's glad delights,
And quiet stillness perfect,
Of glorious summer nights.

Of rambles o'er the meadows,
Of love-trysts by the stream,
When life was all of laughter,
When life was all a dream.

Of golden hours of pleasure,
When love sang happy tune,
When sweetest flowers blossomed
Beneath the skies of June.

Of cool, deep shady wildwood
By circling hills shut in,
Away from all the battles
Of earth's wild ceaseless din.

Of tender gray eyes lifting
Their light of love to mine;
Of kisses warm and gentle,
From lips as red as wine.

Oh, bright and radiant picture,
That lies so far away,
With all your memory beauty,
You are with me here to-day.

My One Day Dream.

BY M. L. M.

OFTEN when roused from a nightly vision we are thankful for the interruption; but we rarely rejoice if disturbed in a day-dream. I indulged in one of the latter kind about ten years back, and shall long remember the awakening. At that time my profession as a civil engineer called me to Farnsthorpe, which seemed to my fancy the ing-end of the world.

A nobleman had ruled it, who, in order to remain absolute, did his utmost to shut out everything in the shape of improvement from his dependents. But not being immortal, though he appeared to consider it an oversight that earls were not, he was at length gathered to his fathers, and a nephew reigned in his stead.

The new lord being the very opposite of the noble deceased, the tide of affairs changed; and the mottoes in the mouths of the Farnsthorpians were now "go a head" and "public improvement." The railway was the first step in the way of modern civilization.

It was a novelty for me, a born Cockney, to be in a place where everything in the shape of public amusement, except a magic lantern, was considered an institution of worse than doubtful character; and where the passing of a vehicle aroused a thousand speculations as to its probable destination.

It disgusted one dreadfully to find that everybody knew what everybody else (myself included) had for dinner yesterday. What to do with myself during my sojourn at Farnsthorpe. I had no society; for though the inhabitants submitted to the railway, as in duty bound, the "old standards" of the place shook their heads when it was mentioned; and I could tell that the sober fathers and mothers regarded me, the prime visible mover in the affair, as part and parcel of a most suspicious institution. But a place of refuge was opened for me.

The earl was determined not to let ignorance remain unattacked in her stronghold, however blissful her presence might appear; and down came a goodly supply of books to help towards the library of a Mechanics' Institute.

In an incredibly short time this library became the favorite evening resort of the Farnsthorpians, male and female; for had not his lordship in his speech at its opening solicited the co-operation of the ladies, cunningly declaring that their occasional presence would ensure the success of the new establishment? And did they not [illegible] with get up a fancy bazaar, and de[illegible]s proceeds to "the Institute," thus [illegible] joint sponsors to the infant [illegible]th the earl?

[illegible] a single apartment to [illegible]e large, lofty, well [illegible] goodly number [illegible]e on the [illegible]s and [illegible]le.

Poor fellow! Who, to look at him, would have guessed his history, or deemed that for nearly twenty-five years he had loved and been beloved, had striven and toiled in vain to gain a certain living which might render marriage prudent; that yet, in spite of all outward circumstances, he hoped on, and now sat from six to ten every night to gain a few additional dollars per annum, though his daily labor might have seemed enough for any less earnest man.

It was no small pleasure to me to find that, though modest in the extreme, the humble librarian was a well-read, well-educated man.

A long and wearisome illness he told me had proved a blessing by giving him time for self culture, which he could not otherwise have had, and I was delighted with his keenly thoughtful remarks, and his tact in picking out the best portions of the best books to be made his own.

Very few of the visitors to the library talked much to its keeper, though many might have found the benefit of being less exclusive to poor William Moorsom. There was, however, one who formed a notable exception to this rule. I had been free enough in my remarks on all the other visitors, but about her—for it was a lady—I had never ventured a word except to inquire her name.

The first time I saw her was on a rather stormy night, and she came alone; but she was generally accompanied by one or two children. Her dress was commonly black silk, with a shawl of the smallest pattern shepherd's plaid, and a coarse straw bonnet trimmed with black ribbon—simple as a Quaker's; and yet what an air of style there was about the girl!

She was no native Farnsthorpian, that was plain enough; for all amongst those who made any pretensions to the name of lady might be divided into the affected, the demure, and the fussy genteel; while she moved and spoke with a quiet dignity, such as a queen might have envied, and yet with perfect ease.

From the difference between the dress of the children and her own I guessed she was their governess. This I found to be correct, and my landlady gave me the following particulars.

"Miss Warren, sir? Yes, she is governess to Mr. Thornton's children, but she is a lady, sir."

"Of course, Mrs. Jones, anybody can see that with half an eye; but do her friends live here?"

"I don't think she has any relations, at least not near ones. Her father, Mr. Warren of Warrendale, had a deal of property, but he spent more money than he had, and the estates went to quite a distant cousin, because Miss Lucy was a girl."

"But has this cousin done nothing for Miss Warren?"

"They say he wanted to marry her, but she would neither have him nor take anything at his hands. She had mostly lived in London with her mother's sister, for Mrs. Warren died when she was quite a child; but her aunt died, too, a little while before the squire, so of course Miss Lucy came home to Warrendale then."

"Does this Mrs. Thornton treat her kindly?"

"Kindly! I should like to see the man, woman, or child, rich or poor, who would dare to fail in proper respect to Miss Warren."

This reply of my good landlady exactly coincided with my own idea of Miss Warren. My first glance told me she was a lady, but her position savored of poverty. "Good," said I to myself.

I had seen her several times when I asked the above questions, though I had not exchanged a word with her.

I was very anxious to do so now; for after calmly reviewing her position and mine, I thought there was at least a chance of success for me.

Success—in what pursuit? In gaining the hand of Miss Warren? Had she been living at Warrendale, and with the prospect of being an heiress, I should not have dared to think of it.

Even now there was a something so lofty about the young woman that the experiment was hazardous; but I resolved to take time. She was poor; what a comfort to me! and I with a good professional income and money besides.

She seemed to be about twenty-four, and I was under thirty years of age; and as to looks, I was judge enough to know that I was handsomer than she was—yes, far handsomer. I say it with not a shade of vanity, for I well know how worthless is mere personal beauty in winning love; more than worthless in retaining it.

[illegible]t after night I went to the same [illegible]g several hours in the library, seeing her only now and then, yet dreading to miss one evening lest on that she might pay her brief visit.

She conversed freely with the librarian, and he occasionally included me in the conversation by asking my opinion of a book or other subject. But my answer given, her next remark was always addressed to him.

We three talked, but talked in couples. William Moorsom was our medium, or rather mine, for she evidently did not talk at me. For months this went on; and from being at first attracted towards Miss Warren by her undefinable dignity and grace of manner, I became deeply in love with her. Yet I never dared cross the barrier it appeared to be her will to interpose between herself and the Farnsthorpian world. I was always thinking of her, dreaming of the time when she would be my wife, holding imaginary love-dialogues with her, ever with the same termination, yet not advancing a single step, though somehow never doubting that at some time I should call her mine.

I fancy most persons would condemn my conduct as ridiculous, and say that I need not have been so particular to a penniless governess, who would doubtless have jumped at the chance of being the wife of a man possessing good property, respectable position, and handsome person.

In the first place, let me answer that Lucy had refused wealth already, even when accompanied by the place of mistress in her father's former home. Then I was truly in love; and with such affection there is always a mixture of reverence for its object, and dread of giving offence.

Besides, I was a man of the world, and never liked to place my foot where the ground was doubtful, or, worse than that, positively unsafe.

One evening I entered the library, and found there only Moorsom. I knew that a lecture, a piece of unusual excitement, was to be given an hour later, so conjectured that the visitors to the reading-room would be few on that account. I made a remark to that effect to Moorsom.

"Oh, I dare say there will not be half-a-dozen," he replied. "I should like to hear the lecture, but I have no one to take my place."

"What!" I asked. "Can you never leave your post?"

"I did not think of going until a few minutes ago, when I received a present of a couple of tickets, and then it was too late for me to ask Miss Warren to be my substitute here."

"Miss Warren!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "Every one thinks her proud; but that dignified way is natural to her. She has told me several times that should I wish to take an evening's rest, she will fill my post here, and she never says a thing she does not mean."

"Well, can I do the needful for once? If you dare trust me, ogre as I am regarded, I will gladly discharge your duties."

Moorsom was delighted. I knew for whom the other ticket was designed, and feeling a sincere sympathy for the faithful lovers of a quarter of a century, was glad to give them the chance of a meeting.

Truly, I had my reward. I, of course, imagined Miss Warren would be at this lecture; but no, she came to the library a few minutes after Moorsom left it. My heart fairly leaped with joy. She looked surprised on observing that I occupied the librarian's seat, and I hastened to explain that I had engaged to perform his duties.

"Then Moorsom has gone to the lecture? I am glad of that. He is a most worthy man, and has few pleasures."

I could tell by the bright sparkle of her eyes that this little act of thought for the poor librarian had done much to thaw the ice between us, for, though she did not say so, I was certain she came to do what I had anticipated her in.

"Since I have taken the librarian's seat," said I, "I trust you will permit me to do the duty of one. What book can I offer you?"

"Oh, thank you, I will not take any home; but I will trouble you to reach that large volume for me, as I wish to obtain a little information from it."

I reached the book, and was duly thanked. Miss Warren took notes, but still seemed perplexed, and sought in the catalogue for some other work to suit her purpose. I ventured to ask if I could be of service. She hesitated, and then said, "I am greatly obliged to you for the offer. I am unable to obtain what I want here," laying her hand on the book.

I glanced at the title. I was well up in that particular branch of literature, and, on her explaining her want, was rejoiced to find that I could be of use. She wrote down what I told her, and again thanking me, she and her pupil, for Mrs Thornton's eldest child was with her, said "Good night," and left the library.

I was full of joy. This incident, though slight, had commenced a sort of acquaintance, and I returned to my lodgings dreaming more preservingly than ever.

I was at the library the next night, and for weeks indeed, but without seeing Miss Warren. But her young pupils sometimes came, and then I saw a slip of paper given to Moorsom, who sent back a book for their teacher.

She was ill; not dangerously, but too unwell to venture out, the little girls said. I used to watch the librarian in the hope that he would drop one of those bits of paper, for I longed to possess a thing which had come straight from her hand; but he never did.

He always returned the list inside the volume sent; so one night, when the younger of the little girls came, I waylaid her as she left the room, and by asking to look at the book I managed to abstract the slip of paper.

I hastened home to look at this treasure. It contained the names of four books, and her name, Lucy Warren, at the bottom. The writing was beautifully easy, and not much like a woman's style. I had heard on the same night that Miss Warren was much better, and that the next time she would come herself.

How I longed for this next time! I had talked with her once, I should do so again. She could not ignore my presence any more, and, by degrees—but who cannot guess to what my everlasting day dreaming would tend? We do not willingly dream of anything but good fortune in our undertakings, and I was blind to all but the knowledge of my true reverential love for Lucy Warren.

The time I had so longed for came. I think I see her now, paler than usual, but with a look of such perfect happiness! She was not alone. A tall noble-looking man was with her, and I can say nothing more worthy of him than this, that even in my eyes he looked a fitting mate for Lucy Warren.

A few pleasant words to Moorsom, a polite greeting to me, and then, after returning her volume, she took one from the shelf, and pointed out a passage to her companion. "Thank God it was written!" said he, in a low tone. A low whisper from her, which might be "Amen!" and she closed the book, gave us her gracious-sounding "Good evening," and I saw Lucy Warren no more.

"May heaven bless her! she deserves to be happy," said Moorsom, with a wet eyelid. "I suppose this is her last visit."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Do you not know that Miss Warren is going to be married, and to leave Farnsthorpe? It is quite a little romance," he continued; fortunately not pausing for a reply I should have been unable to make. "The gentleman who came with her is her cousin, the son of the aunt with whom she spent most of her life. He has been in India for years. They were boy and girl lovers, but they had some quarrel; and after his mother died, and Miss Lucy left Warrendale, he wrote more than once, and receiving no reply, thought she was too angry to answer him. Then he returned to England, and finding she had most likely never received his letters, sought her amongst her kin, but in vain."

"Then," said I, "how did he find her at last?"

"By a paper she had written for some periodical, which contained allusions which he felt sure must have come from her hand. I should fancy that was what she showed him when she smiled and blushed so just now."

Thus was I roused from my one love-dream. It is a mere nothing to tell. I had simply fancied for the future what I wished might come to pass, and deserved to be awakened.

It was a far better ending for Lucy Warren than and I could have devised; and, after a time, I wondered at my insane folly, though it extended no farther than the imagination.

And I would warn others not to worship in the blind way I did; for since then I have been often tempted to change my bachelor's lot, but remain single because no woman ever approaches the imaginary divinity of My Day Dream.

THE British ship Saratoga brought with her on her arrival in New York, in addition to a good cargo, a fully developed ghost. The apparition is that of the cook who died at Calcutta of cholera. During the voyage his ghostship amused himself chasing the crew around the ship at nights.

The Birthday Gift.

BY T. L. B.

"WHY don't you speak for yourself, Philip?"

To Patience Dane's excited fancy everything seemed to be echoing the audacious query.

If Philip could only have known it, Patience had loved him ever since she used to sit on his knee and listened to fairy stories when she was a child, and he was studying law with her father, who was now dead.

And her childish love had gained color and fragrance, and had fastened its roots deep in her being, as she grew to lovely young womanhood.

But Philip had a little silver in his hair, and Patience had nothing but gold in hers. He felt like a grave antediluvian among her gay young friends, and never imagined it possible that she could be the mistress of any house of his more substantial than an aerial castle in the rosy world of day-dreams.

And so, ostrich like, he hid the avowal of his love, and never dreamed that its fact was plainly apparent to the hazel eyes of Patience Dane.

It was small wonder that Harry Sandford couldn't take "No" for an answer, even after Patience had given it to him a dozen times, but as a last resort had implored Philip Seward's mediation and influence.

Philip—modest, true-hearted fellow—thought there was no reason why another should not have what he had no hope of winning, and promised to advocate Harry's cause.

But Philip's heart and tongue were at war, and his eloquence was not forcible enough to convince Patience.

"I really cannot answer for the consequence, Patience," said he, "if you give Harry no encouragement. I came upon him standing on the cliff last Sunday, and he said that he had a great mind to end his troubles, then and there, by flinging himself over."

"I wish he would," said Patience, saucily. "Or, at least," she added, hastily, "I wish he would fall in love with Jennie Lee. Why doesn't he? She can sing better than I, and her nose is straight, while mine is tip tilted, like the petal of a flower," tapping her pretty, retrousse nose and sighing ruefully.

"Jennie Lee!" exclaimed Philip, with infinite disdain. "What is her summer-day beauty compared to the fascination of a girl like you, whose infinite variety is her infinite charm? If Harry is in love, he isn't blind, by any means."

And Philip's expressive eyes expressed something more than admiration.

"If you think I'm so charming, why don't you speak for yourself, Philip?"

That was what Patience said mentally, and longed to say audibly.

Desperately clutching her dimpled hands in the violet folds of her dress, she began, "Why don't you——" then stopped, while her hands, neck, face, and even her little ears, were turned to pink coral by the great, rosy wave of shame that came surging from her heart.

Suppose, after all, that she had been mistaken in thinking that Philip loved her, and he should answer her daring question by "Because I don't care to, Patience."

"Why don't I stop bothering you about Harry? Well, I'm afraid I've tried you out, Patience, and I'll stop for to-night and say good-bye," said Philip.

And his heart gave a great throb of relief as he reflected that Patience had shown no signs of relenting towards Harry.

She found a scrap of paper on the floor where Philip had been sitting. It was an acrostic on her name.

"He does care for me!" she decided, as she read the somewhat limping lines that were transfigured by a mighty love.

A few days later, little Lily Dane found her sister busily at work, painting. She climbed into a chair, and, for a moment, her mouth became a scarlet "O" of admiration as she gazed, as it fascinated, at the picture of a girl in old-time costume, with a sweet daring face and plentiful waving hair, crowned by a would-be demure little cap.

"Isn't she clever looking?" said Lily, at length. "What's her name?"

"Priscilla," answered her sister, deepening the rose tinge on the dimpled cheek of the audacious little Puritan.

"What a funny name! But her picture is nice, if her name isn't. May I have it?" pleaded Lily, wisely distinguishing the substance from the shadow.

"No, dear; it is for Mr. Seward," returned her sister.

"Does he like girls like that?"

"I hope so!" exclaimed Patience, fervently. "Otherwise, he won't like me!" she added, under her breath, as she put the finishing touches to the rosy trail of arbutus blossoms that encircled and blushed over the question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Philip?"

The door-bell assaulted the ears of the Danes family with the noisest "Ting-aling lang, cling-aling clang" to which it had ever given utterance, a morning or two afterwards.

"Whoever in the world can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Dane, peeping between the parlor curtains. "Oh, it's Philip Seward! —and if Philip ever drank a drop in his life, I should say that he was—not sober! His hat is on one of his ears, and his overcoat is wrong side out. Something terrible must have happened! Run and see what he wants in such a hurry, Patience."

Patience went, very slowly, and opened the door to Philip Seward.

"Patience, my darling, can it be true—" began Philip.

"That this is your birthday? Yes, I believe it is," said she demurely, but with the least little, wicked sparkle in her topaz eyes.

Then, changing her manner suddenly, "Oh, Philip," she said, "couldn't you see that I loved you?"

"What was it that you wanted, Philip?" inquired Mrs. Dane, coming into the hall at this juncture.

"Patience!" answered Philip, promptly.

"And then he looked down on me,
With a look that put a crown on me,"

Patience quoted, in confidence, to her diary.

Harry Sandford soon discovered that Jenny Lee was very pretty, and danced at Patience's wedding with a heart as light as his heels.

Lily, too, was in her element on this auspicious occasion, fluttering about like a pink-and-blue fairy, intoxicated with honey-dew.

"Philip," she said, capturing her brother in law under the wedding bell of smilax and white rosebuds, "do you like that girl that Patience sent you? 'Cause if you don't, you know, you might give her to me!" she pleaded, looking at him with coaxing eyes, that would do dangerous work when their owner grew older.

But, sweet as the wide, sea-blue eyes were, they couldn't wheedle away Philip's treasured birthday.

"Like 'that girl?'" he exclaimed. "I should rather think I did! On my calendar of saints Saint Priscilla Mullins divides the honor with Longfellow, who wrote her life. Read the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' Lily, and then you will see that, dearly as I love you, I can't give you my birthday gift!"

And so the shadow of sweet Priscilla Mullins sleeps a perfumed sleep in a satin case, and the substance of sweet Patience Seward makes Philip's rosy dream-world a rosier reality.

AMERICAN TOWN NAMES.

No one would dream of recommending the United States Postal Guide as an addition to a list of short stories for light summer reading, and yet there are less interesting volumes that are perhaps better known, although of more limited circulation.

This postal guide would not, at first sight, appeal to the average reader; it is not attractive in outward appearance, neither does a casual turning of its leaves reveal what the one who reads to be amused would call a "conversational" interior, yet it can be both attractive and amusing, as a perusal of the list comprising 70 064 post offices will prove.

In this "great and glorious" republic it is natural to expect big things, even in the names of post offices, and there are "big" post offices galore from Bigbug in Arizona to Biglick in Tennessee.

There are no less than twenty-four Alphas and twelve Omegas. There are two Angels, twenty-three Arcadias, one Ashcake, three Alligators, two Askews and two Backbones.

Of course, there is only one Bar Harbor, but it strikes the feminine reader as singular that there should be but one Bargaintown.

There is a Blooming office in Oregon, and four Bohemias scattered in various states. There are fourteen Bostons, but only one Bucksnort, and that is in Tennessee.

There are a dozen or more Bluffs and four Buncombes, thirteen Climaxes, one Cannonball and one Coke, which, singularly enough, is in Wood county, Texas.

Catarrh is the romantic name of a South Carolina village. That there is a variety of tastes in selecting these names is shown by the following list picked at random:

Birdie, Grubgulch, Polkadotte, Looneyville, Deweyrose, Pullfight, Sweet Air, Spinks, Corners, Yum Yum, Catlett, Get Up, Friskey, Halfway, Ink, Jakajones, Moonshine, O K, Shoulderblade, Sweet Home, Tippleraville, Strawberry Valley, Vox Populi, Tribulation, Monsetail, Puckerbrush and Mud.

Parnassus and Olympus are repeated thrice and Paradise sixteen times. There is a Romulus and a Remus; a Romeo and a Juliet, likewise a Rip and a Raf.

There is one Truly and eleven Rurals, but no combination of both, although there is a Land of Promise, a Rocky Comfort, a Sabbathday Point and a Sodom, but no Gomorrah.

There are two Othellos, one Desdemona, ten Ovids, a Hiawatha, a Minnehaha and a Nokomis.

Nix is a favorite name; so is Oakgrove, for there are twenty-three, and several offices are named Ohio.

Georgia has its Payup, Rhode Island its Quonochontaug, Kentucky its Rabbit Hash, and Tennessee its Cole.

There are sixteen Coldwaters, including one in Kentucky, which also has a Crookville, a Honeysuckle, a Tarheel, a Testeasville, a Pope, a Nineveh, a Sonia, an Austerlitz, a Daisy Bell, a Pigeon Roost, a Gimlet, a Bonanza, a Celery, a Sassafras, a Maddog, a Rebellion, a Nazareth, a Taffy, and a Cromwell, besides Ep, Goforth, Grapevine, Troublesome, Jamboree, Waterloo, Nonesuch and Temperance.

This is a Liberty loving country, if sixty-two post offices bearing that name with villes, falls, groves, squares, corners and centres are any indication.

There are twenty three offices bearing the name of Independence, also twelve Jerichos and nine Jerusalems, numerous Mascots and one Mesopotamia, twenty-eight Moscows, thirty Midways, nine Napoleons, twenty two Quincys, thirty-six Riversides, innumerable Rainbows, forty-five Salems, including villes, depots, etc., and no end of Scotts with hills, dales, plains and stations affixed.

Washington is perpetuated in forty-seven post offices, and there are 181 Unions. Of the country's famous men Lincoln seems to be the favorite in selecting town titles, forty-five being thus named.

Others are Jefferson, Blaine and Garfield twenty six each, Sheridan and Sherman twenty five, Garrison fourteen, and McClellan one. There are eighteen Gladstones.

There was little imagination put into the name of Lock No. 3. A printer doubtless had something to say about Stet, Mo., and Stick, Tenn.

Here are a few of wide extremes: Setdondown, Gunpowder, Hud, Harmony, Quince, Orchard, Saltpetre, Troublesome, Happyland, Cash, Difficulty, Needmore, Quid, Nunc, Spot Cash, Thunderbolt, Morning Glory, Gin, Fate, Giritown, Peachblow, Sparkling Springs, Pipestem, Scuffletown, Skip, Society Hill, Tommies, Whynot, Wildcat, Haycockrun, Huckleberry, Jug, Judy and Jingo.

Only nine offices begin with the letter X, two of them are Xerxes, one is Xenophon, and all the others are Xenia.

BUILDS ONLY TO DESTROY.—Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, of Vienna, who is the younger brother of the great Vienna banker, Albert de Rothschild, began some fifteen years ago to build for himself a palace in Vienna.

This palace, furnished, of course, with all imaginable "improvements" and comforts, and covering an entire block, was nearly finished, when the baron, by chance, had his fortune told by a gipsy girl.

Among other things the gipsy told him that he would not survive the completion of the palace. The baron seemed to be so shocked by this, that, although thirteen years have elapsed since this prophecy was made, the building remains uncompleted, and probably never will be completed until after the death of the baron.

He is, notwithstanding, living in it. But in order to evade the fulfilment of the gipsy's prophecy, he has left one corner of it unfinished. This corner is built up and is then immediately torn down. Workmen are always busy on it, either in its erection or in its demolition.

Scientific and Useful.

TELEGRAPHIC PRINTING.—Two electricians of Gratz, Austria, claim to have invented an arrangement by which a newspaper can be printed by telegraph in any number of places at the same time.

INFECTION.—The Dutch have an excellent custom of calling attention to any house which has a case of infection in it by tying a piece of white rag round the bell handle. In the United States, a red card is often applied in the case of scarlet fever, and in the case of small-pox a yellow flag is sometimes used.

TO ATTRACT BEES.—If you want the bees to visit your garden in summer—and if you know anything of plant life you will be aware that they are a necessity—invite them by having plants which bear blue blossoms. According to Sir John Lubbock, they manifest a decided preference for flowers of that color.

RUBIES.—The discovery has been made in Paris that large rubies can be manufactured by powdering small ones and subjecting them to great pressure. It requires the most powerful microscope to distinguish the artificial from the real stones. As genuine large rubies are worth more than diamonds of the same size, Jewelers are much interested in the process.

PNEUMATIC TUBES.—Pneumatic tubes have many uses, but one of the latest is attracting a great deal of attention from its novelty. This is the tube for stacking straw. It is built in sections, and is controlled by metal straps, pivots and arms. The straw is drawn into the tube, carried through it with great velocity, and by a turntable and swinging arrangement like a crane is evenly distributed on the stack.

THE HARDEST.—An experiment, with a view to ascertain the relative resistance, under pressure, of the hardest steel and the hardest stone, was recently made at Vienna. Small cubes, measuring 1 cm. of corundum and of the finest steel, were subject to the test. The corundum broke under the weight of six tons, but the steel resisted up to forty-two tons. The steel split up with a noise like the report of a gun, breaking into a powder, and sending sparks in every direction which bored their way into the machine like shot.

Farm and Garden.

NEAR RAILWAYS.—Hogs should be allowed to run at large in the vicinity of railways over which swine are transported. Infected hogs are frequently shipped to market, and there are sufficient droppings from the car to scatter contagion along the whole route.

BOARS.—Look well to the vigor of your pure bred boar; let him be good, vigorous and of a different family from your own stock entirely, which can be done easily in these days of pedigree stock. Get him from a large litter, and breed to sows, which raise large litters of good pigs and which raise their pigs well.

CHEMISTRY.—Things most essential in agricultural chemistry may be learned by any one in a short time, and exhausted soils tested and restored. To farm intelligently, the chemical ingredients of the soil must be known and the demands of the proposed crop. No two crops draw precisely the same properties from the soil.

THINNING FRUIT.—When a tree is allowed to bear a full crop of apples it costs the tree more to produce the seeds than the pulp. Every apple left on the tree, whether the fruit is good or not, taxes the tree and the land. If one-half of the fruit of a heavily-laden tree is removed by picking, the remaining fruit will be of better quality and also produce as many bushels as though all of the fruit had remained on the tree.

GREEN FOOD.—Green food will be of advantage, even in summer, and with good pastures. By growing a crop of oats and peas they may be used at night, after the cows come off the pasture, and will be accepted readily. Cut the green food two or three hours before the cows come up and allow it to dry some. Then sprinkle with salt and water and feed it in the troughs or racks.

If you have a Cough, a Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Incipient Consumption, a dollar spent for Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, may prove your cheapest outlay, for you will then have the surest remedy known for such disease. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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The Sense of Beauty.

"Every different species of sensible creature has its different notions of beauty, and each of them is most affected with beauties of its own kind." Thus wrote the essayist Addison, declaring in general terms that the esthetic sense is not only an endowment of the human mind, but is also, in a more limited way, an attribute of all the higher forms of life.

This has been scientifically demonstrated with numerous instances by students of natural history; and no one who has observed the change of plumage and heightening of color which so markedly takes place in spring among many common animals, though more particularly among birds, but must agree to the supposition that they act as attractions to the other sex, and thus become important aids to successful wooing.

This innate sense of power to appreciate beauty is one which vastly affects humanity, from the lowest to the highest grades of civilization. As one writer says, "There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to anything that is great or uncommon."

No doubt this secret feeling is experienced as appreciably by the half-naked savage in possession of a colored bead ornament as by the civilized person with a handsome and valuable ring, or a highly-cultivated man in possession of an exquisite picture or piece of statuary. But if none are without some sense of beauty, yet the differences in its estimation and exercise are almost as great as the number of individuals.

Although the cultivation of the sense may have been entirely neglected, it will assert itself in some way or other; and the differences in education, home interests and occupations, objects of life and surrroundings, play their parts in causing the infinite variety of taste and ideas of beauty. Not only do individual ideas of beauty and taste so much differ, but the aggregate conceptions of the same nature vary from time to time, and we have what are called changes of fashion.

That there are no canons of taste or absolute rules of beauty is evident in the continual desire to change the household goods for more fashionable and presumably artistic ones. The old pieces of furniture in their time were thought to have art and utility combined; but, although the ravages of time and wear may be overcome by renovation, it is seldom resorted to, because our treasures have grown unsightly to the changed taste and new fashion.

Not long since the household belongings indicated that straight lines were to be avoided wherever it was possible to have curved ones; but now straight ones are much more the rule, with only an occasional relief by the curve. If the true criterion be that a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever," there would appear to be very few things, if any, that will bear that extremely searching test.

The home forms, without doubt, the best means of estimating the extent to which taste is an active influence in the character of its inmates. Even in the poorest it may be seen exemplified in the most pleasing way; while sometimes its absence is staringly visible in homes where only wealth is displayed. The next best test of taste is generally considered to be that of clothing; but the tyranny of fashion so universally prevails that little scope is left for the individual to exercise the artistic sense, beyond choice of colors and their combinations.

It is continually affirmed that no other nation has ever reached to the artistic perfection of the Greeks in architecture, sculpture, and philosophic speculation. They saw the highest beauty in the contour and proportions of the perfect human form; and to-day even the most mutilated objects of their art are valued as treasures of the world of imitative beauty.

Why, then, should it be that, although so deeply influenced by their literature, sculpture, and architecture, we are so little affected by those forms of beauty their highest talent did so much to embody in lasting marble? Our fashions for the most part hide and disfigure that which our earliest teachers thought the most beautiful to see and contemplate. They thought that permanent representations of the ideal human figure had a most refining influence, and their dress was in harmonious keeping with the idea. But our women, as a rule, appear mere deformities from the Greek point of view—millinery monstrosities hiding or crushing out of shape the natural contour, and misrepresenting proportions in the most extraordinary exaggerations.

Music is one of the most humanizing of influences, and appeals to another side of what we have termed the esthetic sense. Many animals are subject to the charms of sweet sounds, occurring in rhythmical cadences, although it probably affects them in different ways. We believe it to be a fact that there is no nation or known tribe but has something in the way of music, and its charm is such that in all stages of its growth the good executant can hold the hearer spell-bound.

In music, perhaps more so than in any other form of esthetic culture, taste has an unlimited number of grades. Some may think it is demeaning music to speak of it so generally as we do now; but, if its influence is not quite identical, it is very nearly allied in the effects of a jig from a penny whistle upon a country lad and the skilful rendering of a classic work upon the most elaborate instrument to a cultivated musician. The sense of the beautiful is stimulated in each case, though in one instance it is a barely and in the other a highly developed sense.

The term "beauty" is particularly applied to that indefinable attraction found only in the "human face divine." To this beauty no one is blind or indifferent, although few see it or interpret it alike. The human face is perhaps that which is most studied and best understood by all.

We are thus able to see in it much more delicate differences than in any other objects we observe; and as each distinctive beauty becomes idealized in our mind, the face which most completely embodies our ideals holds us with an irresistible fascination. The sexes are equally subject to the domination of a face and its owner; and yet no one is quite able to define what it is that gives the influence.

Nations possess characteristic points of beauty which in all probability are intensified through generations of civilization and prosperity; but it is not a product of cultivation by any direct means, and consequently little growth in the way of taste can be said to arise from changes in personal beauty.

It is acknowledged that the esthetic sense is more highly developed in some nations than in others, and that want of it in America has been a natural drawback so far as some tastes are concerned. Indeed the marks of refinement were at one time so little considered that the English were pointed at by other nations as boors in comparison with the rest of Christendom. That was in the mind of an eighteenth-century writer when he penned this rather figurative protest—"Taste is a plant of all others difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces."

PEOPLE often boast of their long and varied experience, and claim, on account of it, the deference and acquiescence of all who are younger. The test of any such claim must be, not what they have been through, but what they have developed from it. Has the result been a fuller, nobler, richer life? Is the mind clearer and stronger? Is the character firm and established? Is the heart pure, true, and sympathizing? If so, they have accumulated experience in the right way, and are worthy of all respect. But the mere passing through different phases, however exciting or numerous they may be, the mere suffering or enjoyment caused by various events, however intense they may be, does not constitute such a claim.

THE universal admission that men are not as good or as wise or as noble as they might be is of itself a proof that all have ideals beckoning and helping them onward. No one deliberately upholds wrong-doing, however much he may commit it; no one condemns right conduct, however much he may neglect it. Men's ideals are better than their actions, but not better than themselves, for they are a true and vital part of themselves. "The thing we long for, that we are, For one transcendent moment." Could we be shorn of our ideals, character would rapidly sink and life would show a sorrowful record.

THERE is perhaps nothing more certain in the universe than the fact that "it takes two to speak the truth, one to speak and another to hear;" human nature is so prone to distort, to interpret speech according to its own prejudices, to warp the utterances of another, it may be unconsciously, to suit its own views, to supply or omit a word which may change the whole complexion of a remark, or use a punctuation which may set it all awry.

WITHOUT the resolution in your heart to do good work, so long as your right hand has motion in it, and to do it, whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you; while in once forming the resolution that your work shall be well done life is really won here and for ever.

IT is less by strength than by good management that many of the hardest tasks of life are done. It is less what one lifts or moves than how one does the lifting and the moving.

A MAN'S honest earnest opinion is the most precious of all he possesses; let him communicate this if he is to communicate anything.

ALL is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is in peril where principle is not the guide.

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S.—In the language of flowers the lily means "purity;" the sunflower, "I follow you everywhere."

READER.—Scotland was named from the Scoti, a tribe which had its birth in North Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted men."

ROBERT H. P.—Dreaming proceeds from a deranged stomach; too much or too little food will produce the same result. Of this in your case you must be the best judge. The proverb says, "who goes to bed suppericus shall tumble and toss"; but a light meal alone must be taken, if sleep is to be tranquil. Take also exercise during the day.

G. N.—The training of the voice for singing should begin at an early age, when the subject has all the advantages of youth and its attendant ambition and aim. There is no doubt, however, that the voice of any one who has not passed the prime of life, as in your case, can be cultivated to a great degree in so far as relates to tone volume and sweetness.

A. M.—1. Augeas was a mythical King of Elis, the cleansing of whose stables was one of the twelve labors of Hercules. When the hero demanded his recompense, Augeas refused to give it to him; whereupon Hercules slew him and all his sons save Phyleus, whom he made king in the place of his father. 2. Hercules in works of art is most frequently represented clothed in a lion's skin, and carrying a club.

E. C. D.—A brigade consists of two or more regiments of troops under the command of a brigadier-general. A regiment usually consists of ten companies of troops under the command of a colonel, and a company consists of sixty to one hundred men, under the command of a captain. It is seldom that every company in a regiment has its full complement of men; and hence brigades vary as to the number of troops they contain.

B. B.—A small, lenticular, calcareous concretion found in the stomach of the crawfish is sometimes called an ophthalmo, although it is designated by the term "eye-stone." It is used for taking substances from between the lid and the ball of the eye by being put into the inner corner of the eye under the lid, and allowed to work its way out at the outer corner, bringing with it any foreign substance. A grain of flaxseed will answer the purpose equally well.

POET.—There are supposed, according to recent investigations, to be about one hundred and fifty species of mosquitoes in the world. Already twenty one species have been identified as native to North America. The largest varieties occur in the tropics, where insect life of all sorts obtains its fullest and most pestiferous development. Nowhere, however, are these blood-suckers more abundant than in far northern latitudes, as in Arctic Alaska, where they appear in countless swarms during the brief boreal summer.

C. W. F.—Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. It is 400 miles long, measured on a right line drawn from Duluth to the outlet or eastern extremity; its greatest width is about 180 miles, and its total area is computed to be 33,000 square miles. The average depth of this enormous expanse of water is said to be 900 feet, and its greatest depth is 1,200 feet. Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Central Africa, is estimated to be about 220 miles in length and 180 in breadth. It is of no great depth, and the surface is about 3,800 feet above sea-level.

R. R.—If young women only knew how contemptible they render themselves by flirting, we think they would pause before putting such a poisonous gloss on their nature. Wise men only laugh, while the charitable pity their delusions. Besides, young women, however badly-disciplined their minds, should at least have some respect for the outward proprieties of life. Opinion, however small the circle of acquaintanceship may be, cannot be braved with impunity. No woman should provoke comments on her character by indulging in senseless flippancies. If a practised coquette could get behind the scenes and hear her name coupled with sneers and jests, she would, if not too hardened, learn a sorry lesson. A few shrugs of the shoulders have been known to ruin the future prospects of many a silly girl.

X. X.—In phrenology, what is termed a well-balanced head is one in which no single organ or sets of organs is or are in undue excess of another or others. Such heads are rare in men, but very common in women, whose lives and duties are more monotonous. But the whole science we apprehend lies in a nutshell. A modern professor offers this rational explanation of what has puzzled many a tyro in phrenological studies. He says, "a large head may give power, a small well-developed head intellect. Power is capability of feeling, perceiving, or thinking; activity is the exercise of power: thus large heads, when circumstances in perilous times throw them to the surface of society, will execute great deeds, and surpass all others; while small heads will, in the usual circumstances of the world, display wit, intellect, refinement, skill, enterprise, erudition." Men who has distinguished themselves have however been noted for the prominence of some particular organ or organs. The science of phrenology maps out the divisions of the brain, and by analogy and observation assigns to each its particular quality or qualities.

LAUGH IF YOU ARE WISE.

BY S. S.

Why this willow-wearing,
  Though you plucked the thorn and not the rose?
Kiss the wound—it shows your pluck and daring
  Better than the fairest flow'r that grows.

Why this look despairing?
  There is good in every wind that blows;
E'en the blast that gave your folly airing
  Haply may disperse it, friend—who knows?

Why this sad waylaring,
  Dolorous with the echo of your woes?
Smile, and help your fellows' burden-bearing—
  Cheer the pilgrims' road with glad "Halloes!"

Laugh! all gloom forswearing—
  Joy for us perennially flows.
Pleasure may be multiplied by sharing
  Love, and love's delight will follow close.

No more willow-wearing:
  Other springs will come, if this one goes.
Cast your seed with happy faith, unearing
  Though another reap. He wins who sows!

The Mouse-Tower.

BY R. S. T.

DO you know the bend of the Tyne just above Kielder? If you do, then you will also know that the waters part just opposite the school-house, and that a tiny islet rears its head, flanked by a bold out-work of boulders, amidst the tumbling, tossing stream.

It is a broad river here, grown daring by the in-pouring of other floods and burns—a very different stream to what it is at its source, at the foot of the mighty Dead-water fell. For now it has grown tumultuous and boisterous, and dashes on its way with a recklessness which is wonderful to behold.

Once upon a time four little town-bred children came out to these wilds, and took up their residence in a tiny cottage. They came to grow fat and rosy in the pure fresh air; because the breezes that blow right off the Dead-water are fed by heather-scents, and perfumed by pine-breaths, until they become life-giving and life-blessing in their turn.

And because these little town children had never seen an islet before, they straightway fell upon it, laid siege to it, carried it in triumph by virtue of bare feet and tucked-up clothing; and finally, having stormed the banks, made a tower of stones, and reeds, and rushes, and ensconced themselves within, crawling in thither on their hands and knees, after the fashion of those warrior chieftains of whom their elder brother, Bob, read to them out of the wonderful book of adventures brought by Aunt Marjorie when she came back from London in the spring.

Bob was the leader of the valorous band, and he was only ten; the others went down by steps until they stopped short at Baby Max, who had reached the mature and discriminating age of four, but who possessed the heart and vigor of twelve. He had been carried over pick-a-back by Bob, but that did not matter. No one ever challenged Max's claims to be a hero.

Marion, who was eight, and Blue-boy, who was six, fitted in between, and held their own very comfortably with the rest. Blue-boy's real name was Cecil, but no one paid any attention to that.

They were all up here under Aunt Marjorie's care; but there—shall I be telling tales out of school if I tell you at once that Aunt Marjorie was only nineteen herself, and that she and they were all together under the rule and thumb of Dennis, their mother's old and trusty servant?

Bob, Marion, Blue-boy, and Max built a tower; and then they sat down in it, and by it, and waited to see what was going to happen. Nothing ever does happen when you sit and wait for it.

So, because Aunt Marjorie was very tender to these intrepid young warriors, she proposed that they should make a fire, and boil a kettle, and make themselves comfortable while they awaited the oncoming of the expected opposing forces, although neither she nor they knew in the faintest degree who these opposing forces would turn out to be.

The smoke of the fire went curling softly through the pines to the upper air, and the intrepid warriors burnt their fingers and blackened their faces, and were supremely happy, smoke-dried and grimy as they were.

They ate thick bread and butter with a relish, because of the novelty of their surroundings; and they drank their smoky tea, and finished off the repast with a heap of wild strawberries, which were far superior to the tame bought ones upon which they had luxuriated at home in the town.

None of the strawberries were bigger than peas; very few of them reached those mighty dimensions—but what of that? They were sweeter, and fresher, and more delicious than any others, and their taste would linger in the memory when that of all other fruits, probably, had died away for ever.

Such are the happy—thrice happy—illusions of childhood!

Aunt Marjorie poured out the tea. Dennis sat cutting bread and butter, and wondering at the capacity of the children; while Marion openly grumbled at the amount of sugar Blue-boy managed to devour with his strawberries.

"It is positively sinful, Denny," she cried, appealing to the old woman as she spoke, with the vehement assertiveness of eight.

At eight years of age, you see, one knows the world thoroughly, and one judges strongly!

Dennis, who had had great experience, calmly smiled.

"They are boys, Miss Marion," she said quietly. "And boys eat more than girls, bless you! They've a deal to fill out before they go back to town."

But Marion was disgusted. She shook out her red-gold locks until they floated in the wind.

"Anyone, to hear you, Denny, would think it was a virtue to devour a great quantity of stuff!" and with her tip tilted nose high in the air, Miss Marion swung herself away, and sank face downwards on the grass, to read something more about the warrior-chiefs and the be-feathered heroes.

The boys, their appetites at last appeased, bedecked themselves with leaves and flowers; and sat down before Aunt Marjorie, after calmly dispossessing Marion of the book she was reading.

One poked his knees into the ground, and lay flat, with his head on his hands. Another reclined on his back; a third—and this was Max—cuddled up to Aunt Marjorie, for in his secret soul, he was just a wee, wee bit afraid of the lawless proceedings of those same mighty hunters, and his blood was apt to run cold when much scalping had to be done!

Now the smoke of that fire rose high above the trees, and floated in the air, until it attracted the attention of a man some distance off, who was slowly sauntering through the woods with his gun upon his shoulder. He was a man of some observation, and he stood still to wonder.

"Poachers, I'll be bound!" he exclaimed, for he was the lord of the manor, and poachers were the things he feared the most in these wilds.

"I'll have a look," he next decided; "and if I am right, I'll send Benson to trap them to-night."

So he marched boldly through the heather, and between the pines to the water's edge, trampling down many a noble fern, and many a dainty bit of moss in his fiery haste as he went on. And the river, which had nearly proved an obstacle to the children, was no source of dread to him.

He sprang from stone to stone, and landed at last on the islet, where the ringing sound of Marion's voice, as she argued the matter of Blue-boy's appetite with Dennis, quickly undeceived him as to the character of the poachers he had come to trace.

Then, because he was a very wily young man, and not at all bad-hearted, he sat down out of sight, in a little hollow scooped out of the silver sand of the shore, and patiently settled to bide his time.

He had a purpose in waiting. He meant to have some fun on his own account with these young trespassers. So he sat down, and as luck would have it, the drowsy murmur of the waters, the hum of the insects, the chirp of the birds, all filling the air, overcame his senses, and yielding to the monotone of Nature's voices, he put his gun down gently, closed his eyes, and in less than five minutes was fast asleep.

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Aunt Marjorie read till she was tired, and Dennis, who knew every tone of her dear young lady's voice, called out briskly:

"Run away boneys, your Auntie's read enough. Go and play, and maybe you'll find some bold enemy just now."

For the artful old woman knew exactly how to deal with her young charges; and when they had scampered away, with feet thrust hastily into shoes, minus stockings, she turned to Aunt Marjorie and begged her to put down the book and take some rest.

"You are always fussing and mothering on with these bairns, Miss Marjorie," she said, "as if it were yer life-work."

"What else have I to do, Denny?" asked the girl with a hopeless ring in her voice. "Indeed, I am very grateful to the children; if I had not them," she added softly to herself, "I should go mad."

And the old woman heard her, and her eyes filled with tears, because she had once been young herself, and understood.

"Were you a bit hasty, honey?" she asked very gently, for as she had been more than thirty-five years with this family, having never served any other, she knew all their affairs. "Were you a bit hasty, honey?"

But Marjorie shook her head.

"I think not, Denny," she replied: "You see, Miss Middleton told me so plainly what had happened that I could not very well do differently."

Dennis was unconvinced.

"I don't like Miss Middleton," she asserted stoutly. "I've watched her above a bit, and I find she's sly and deceitful. Depend upon it, honey, she's had a game of her own to play, and you'll be very sorry in time to come, if you find you've just been helping her to play it. Can nothing be done, Miss Marjorie?"

But the girl shook her head.

"I was your mother's maid before I went from her death bed to Miss Nellie's house, when she married Colonel Forbes, and I've served ye all well and truly, though I say it who shouldn't. And it goes to my heart to see you pinin' and frettin' day by day. What's the use of contradictin'? I know it, and ye know it, too!"

"What am I to do, then? He has gone abroad, Dennis. He went to Africa with young Scott Forbes, the Colonel's cousin, you know. They will not return for some time, I am told."

Then came a long silence. And then she added slowly and sadly: "And when he returns he is to marry Miss Middleton."

"Hoot, toot!" cried the old woman angrily. "She says so, I reckon, but who believes her, I'd like to know? I don't, for one."

And if Marjorie had spoken the truth her heart would have answered, "And I don't, for another!"

But she contented herself with shaking her head, and smiling sorrowfully.

"No young lady would tell a falsehood, Denny," she said, after a moment's pause. "Young ladies don't do such things."

"No true women do, as I know of," replied the old servant gravely. "But she's not one of that sort. No, no, Miss Marjorie. She's not like the ladies I've had to deal with in my day."

Marjorie leaned back against the moss-grown trunk of a spreading beech tree and closed her eyes.

"It's been a bad business," said the old servant, shaking her head as she sat down near her young mistress. "But who's to mend matters now, with him so far away, and her up here? No, things must e'en take their way; they cannot be helped. Young folks have to learn by experience, folks tell you; but oh, dear heart, yon's a dour teacher, as they say in these parts."

Then the influences of the spot overcame her too; and her eyes closed; and she nodded and slept, in spite of her deep anxiety on behalf of her young lady and her affairs.

Marjorie alone sat wakefully leaning against her tree, unable to close her eyes or to slumber.

Dennis had set her thinking, and this was a bad thing to have done, for it made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Depend upon it there are faults on both sides," candid friends had said, on talking over a certain event not long before.

Marjorie Langton's engagement to Lisle Bartram had been the sensation of the hour of last season, and everybody had talked of it.

It took the world by surprise when this quiet, girlish, north-country maiden came up to Town and straightway made a conquest of the big, handsome, young fellow who had been the hope of many a heart for so long; but who had, nevertheless, refused to be subdued by the charms of anyone heretofore.

"Who, on earth, is Marjorie Langton?" had been buzzed about pretty freely, for everyone knew who Lisle Bartram was—what were his prospects, and what his marketable valuation.

But—"Marjorie Langton!" A mere nobody. It was too shocking.

To be sure, she was one of the Langtons of Ellieshaw; but then, bless you, that meant nothing, for old Langton of Ellieshaw was poor enough in all conscience when he departed this life, and but for the face that the girl's sister had married Colonel Forbes, no one would ever have heard of the Langtons, or of Ellieshaw, or of Marjorie herself.

Colonel Forbes was a somebody, and a big somebody into the bargain. Not to know Colonel Forbes was to be very low down in social importance. He won his V. C. in the East, for some especial act of daring.

He was handsome, intrepid, and oblivious of Society—therefore, Society courted him. Oh, it is fine to be courted! It made Colonel Forbes' life a burden to him, for he was a man of camps, not of cities; and he cared no more for fashions than he did for calls and fetes.

All the same, even he was pleased when Marjorie, his wife's little sister Marjorie, came up to Town and landed Lisle Bartram at the first go-off. Never a man better pleased than the Colonel, for Lisle Bartram was after his own heart, and everything had gone on swimmingly until that ill-fated day when the "little rift" came between them, and Lisle wrote to say he couldn't dine with Ellinor Forbes, for he and Scott had made it up to go shooting big game in Africa, and he was busy collecting his traps together.

The Colonel started at the letter which his wife had put into his hand, for he could make neither, "head nor tail" of it.

"Shoot big game in Africa," he read out aloud. "Why he talks as if Africa were next door! And what does he mean by going there at all? Marjorie!" A new light flashed him. "Marjorie! I hope you and he—— I say!"

He broke off abruptly, for Marjorie had simply dropped from her chair in a dead faint, and the Colonel's sentence was never finished.

Then, when he came to understand it in some measure, he packed Miss Marjorie off with the children and Dennis to a friend's cottage, on the banks of the dear North Tyne, beneath the shadow of the hills, and told them to run wild, and to make themselves happy, by growing fat and rosy, and forgetting such a place as London had ever existed.

And this the children were not at all slow in doing.

Colonel Forbes never quite understood that affair.

There was a good deal of Miss Middleton in it; but the Colonel, like Dennis, did not care too much for this young lady. He did not believe in her.

Perhaps he thought, too, that, like another prodigal, Marjorie might come to her senses out in the wilds, and be induced to return and repent, and find her home at last.

There were a good many thoughts of this kind in his mind, no doubt; but, like a very wise man, he kept them safely to himself, and said nothing to anyone, least of all to Marjorie.

He only patted her hand when he said "Good-bye" at the station, and whispered: "Keep your heart up child," but, somehow, he comforted her immensely. That was a favorite sentence of the Colonel's—"Keep your heart up."

He had said it on far distant battlefields to his "boys;" beneath the star-lit heavens, when the enemy lay low; in hospitals, where sick and wounded tossed in pain. And many a "forlorn hope" had been changed by that one clear-ringing cry of the "Koronel's," "Keep your heart up, boys!"—awakening at once the ready answer from the brave souls under his command, kindled into touch with him on the instant—"Aye, aye, sir; we will!"

So, to Marjorie, he just whispered the words, and she smiled back.

"Dear, big, old fellow!" she murmured, as she sat back against the cushions, and the train speeded away. "If all the world were like him, how happy everyone would be!"

But the Colonel, as he went home, kept saying to himself: "It takes two to make a quarrel, so they have both been a good bit to blame; and as for Miss Middleton—poof!"

Which was his way of saying that he did not believe that little tale at all, whoever set it going.

"I daresay she started it herself," said the astute man of war. "I should just say she did; but oh! what fools some people are!"

But whether he meant Miss Middleton, or his dear friend, Lisle Bartram, or his dearer little sister-in-law, was never to be known by any mortal ear.

Thus it had come to pass that Marjorie Langton and her niece and nephews were

"doing" warrior chieftains on the desert island in the tower on the Tyne; and it was Dennis who had given it its name, for she had said as soon as she saw it, "Oh, you ridiculous creatures, it's a little mouse-tower; and you're all a set of mice."

At which the children clapped their hands, and Blue-boy, tearing out a leaf from Aunt Marjorie's sketch-book, had chalked up in large, bold, copy-book letters: "The Mouse-Tower on the Tyne!" So proud were they of the name Dennis had bestowed upon their house of stones and rubble.

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And so it came to pass, while Dennis slept and Marjorie lost herself in dreams, that the enemy was actually near at hand, with out-posts deserted, pickets off duty, in careless insecurity, given up to ease, and indolence, and apathy. What a chance for the children!

It was Blue-boy who stalked him first of all.

He, peeping through the bushes, espied the foe in ambush, fast asleep upon the ground. A great big foe, too, with fair hair, a rough shooting suit, and—most glorious—now what was to be done?

Max, whose terror in life was a gun, promptly suggested, with a shudder, that they should shoot him.

He often did violence in this way to his feelings, for fear the others should only think of him as a baby, when he wanted to be considered grown-up.

Bob and Blue-boy thought this was not "good enough."

"What was the use of a prisoner," said they, "when you ended his career so quickly?"

Most realistic of all—a gun upon the turf at his head!

Here was something for which they had never dared to hope. The boy was sagacious.

Creeping away as silently as if he were indeed a scout in actual warfare, the soldier-spirit dominant in his little heart, he stole back to the others. With his finger on his lip, and by dint of many cautions and warnings, he induced them to follow him stealthily to the attack.

Constituting himself as leader by virtue of the discovery he had made, with the aid of four grimy pocket-handkerchiefs, they bound the hands and feet of their victim, without venturing near his face, over which he had placed his soft gray cap.

And then the four, sitting down near him, held a council of war.

Here was their prisoner, captured when about to attack their fortress.

They had secured his person. There was another question which appealed to them more strongly.

"He looks well dressed," they remarked. "Let his friends ransom him, then"—oh, blissful thought!—"then we shall never be short of pocket-money any more; and we'll buy this island," said Bob.

"And we'll build a real tower," added Blue-boy.

"And I shall be the queen," put in Marion, and this was the climax.

After this, if the legs and arms of the victim twitched suspiciously, who noticed it?

Bob wanted to be king, he spoke of "lawful rights."

Blue-boy wanted to be king—he had discovered the enemy.

Max wanted to be king, because—being the youngest—he always had a Benjamin's portion.

But Marion—Maid Marion—put in her claim because of her unique position, and her cry was an echo of her father's, "Place aux dames!"

What was to be done? Who was to decide?

Happy thought!

There was Aunt Marjorie. "Go and bring her, she shall decide, and her decision shall be final!"

So said they all, and no sooner said than done.

Off flew Blue-boy's bare legs, disappearing through the undergrowth of ferns without any regard to the prickles of the brambles or the clinging of wild raspberry vines.

And back through the same brushwood he came, dragging Aunt Marjorie to look at the prisoner, and decide upon the very important matter which was disturbing the peace of the island.

The man had never moved. He lay on his back, his arms crossed and tied, his feet bound also in the same fashion. His guard watched him carefully on three sides, while Blue-boy and the arbiter of his fate stood at his head and looked down upon him.

"He is a gentleman!" cried Aunt Marjorie in some alarm, for she had been expecting to see some village boy tied up in captivity. But the warriors smiled all the more cheerfully.

"So he is!" they assented valorously, and they swelled with pride as they said the words.

"And we shall get a big ransom, shan't we, Aunt Marjorie? We're going to buy this island."

"And build a tower——"

"A real one," they went on, interrupting one another as fast as possible, and then Marion capped it all again, by saying, "And I'm going to be the queen!"

Which took every one's breath away, and left the three boys looking up at Aunt Marjorie's face in mute expectancy of her verdict.

They had all taken their eyes off their prisoner, so no one noticed that he had shaken his cap from his face, and was looking also straight up at Aunt Marjorie's face.

And she, her eyes going from one child to the other, wondered in her own mind, what sort of a man this would turn out to be, and how he would take their little joke!

"Look here, dears," she said gently, and how every tone of her voice thrilled through the prisoner's soul! "When brave men fight they are very merciful to their enemies, they sometimes let them go."

There was howl of dismay from the quartette and Marjorie held up her finger.

"Hush! you'll wake him. Gracious, what a sound sleeper he must be! Let us be merciful, too. Let us give him his liberty!"

She stooped and began undoing the knots as fast as she could; but just then a very funny thing happened, the tables were turned, for, lo! the prisoner sprang up vigorously, and he caught Aunt Marjorie by the arm, and he shouted—such an enormously great shout that the scared children rushed in wild alarm from the spot, thinking no one knew what was going to happen, as he said:

"You are my prisoner, madam, and I shall never, never, never let you go again, Marjorie!" His voice dropped suddenly. "My Marjorie," he whispered tenderly in her ear, and what else he said and did, no one ever knew, for only a few curlews whirling overhead, and a stately old heron flying lower down, saw, or heard anything further.

When Blue-boy and Bob came to their senses, they flew to Dennis, and waking her very sharply, begged her to go and help Aunt Marjorie; which the old servant, in considerable alarm, proceeded to do most willingly, although she grumbled on the way.

"I never did hold with coming here, dears," she said. "I told the Colonel it would be a risk."

"Oh, hurry, hurry!" they cried. "Never mind all that. Let us save Aunt Marjorie. He will carry her away. That's what they always did up here."

But when they reached the bushes, and Dennis reconnoitred, she drew the children back.

"Eh, dears!" said she, "the Lord be praised! Come away, and I'll go to the cottage and make a nice cake for tea."

This was a new way of entertaining prisoners, and the children began to feel afraid something had happened to "dear Donny."

"We waked her too suddiet, didn't we, dear?" said Max, stroking her withered cheek, as she stooped over him.

"It's Mr. Lisle Bartram, my honeys," she said joyfully. "It's his own self come back from the lions' dens, and we must be joyful on his account, and Miss Marjorie's; though how in the world he's managed to get up here, is more than I can tell."

"It's soon told though, Dennis," said Bartram, who had come up unperceived, with Aunt Marjorie. "I never went with Scott-Forbes after all; for just as I was going, my relative, old Mr. Bartram, died, and left me all his estates, of which this island, as you are pleased to call it, Blue-boy, is a very tiny part. I declare I thought you were all poachers," he said, with a burst of laughter.

"We thought you were an enemy," cried they, with one accord; and then they fell upon him and upon Aunt Majorie, and there was such a din, and such laughter, and such fun, that they never quieted down until Dennis called to them across the river that it was time for tea, and that the cakes were hot.

It was Lisle who sprang from rock to rock with the children, it was Lisle who helped Aunt Majorie ashore—and if he stopped rather long upon the bank, and held her a little tiny bit tightly in his arms, who was there to mind? for is she not going to be his own dear wife after all?

Colonel Forbes always laughs. I believe he knew all the time that Lisle had not gone out to shoot those lions.

I know he has many jokes about the Mouse-tower on the Tyne, and I know whenever he jokes, Aunt Majorie gets red and runs away.

"Upon my word, Nellie!" says the Colonel to his wife, "I am the best match-maker that ever lived."

"Don't be so conceited!" she rejoins. "You had nothing on earth to do with it. It was all patched up over the ruins of that tower of the children. They had their fingers in the pie, if you like! And oh, my dear, a puff of smoke was the first signal of capitulation."

At Last.

BY P. W. K.

IT WAS just down there in the hollow—just where the elms overshadow the lane—that Stewart asked me to be his wife, and I, all in a tremor of delight and happy fear, answered "Yes," not understanding, as we loved one another, why I should answer "No" because I was poor and he was rich.

Besides, when he looked into my face and said, "Do you love me, Margaret? Will you be my wife?" what else could I have replied, unless I had spoken falsely?

It was strange how new and more beautiful the world grew to me after this. All the little worries and cares caused by the children—our family was a large one, for my father, Colonel Butler, was retired on half-pay, and I, Margaret, or familiarly Topsy, was the eldest—all these cares and worries appeared but things to laugh at and make merry over, my heart was so light.

Then, I don't know why, but Stewart was called suddenly back to London. We had kept our engagement secret, though we could not our love, that spoke with its own tongue, but I had a vague presentiment, almost a fear, that the summons was owing to his love for me.

For the first time I began to think his family would not approve, that they would keep him from me, and then! But, in his happy, bright way, Stewart laughed at such an idea.

At the same spot where we had given our troth, we had said farewell. Gazing into my eyes he had exclaimed:

"Topsy, my little wife that is to be, you will be true?"

And I, meeting his glance, answered, my heart in my words:

"As true, Stewart, as you to me. I cannot promise surer than that, can I?"

Shortly after he had to go, and I stole back to the house sad at heart for just losing him. But soon he wrote, often at first, and I counted the days for the coming of his letters.

Then they grew less frequent, then vague rumors reached me of how gay he was in London, and that he was very attentive to a handsome cousin who was staying with the Hollands, his family; but I said to myself:

"It is not true—I know it is not true!"

Nevertheless, all that beauty which had come to the world seemed now to have faded out of it, the children to grow more troublesome and vexatious. Stewart wrote so seldom.

Weeks grew to months, then he wrote that he was going abroad. He would be very busy and might not write frequently, but I must not forget him.

As if I could! Yet his letter seemed cold. You see I did not know the nature of men.

He did not write often, but seldom. My heart was heavy, for love is full of fear and doubt; and I had ever to be impressing on myself his truth.

"He is true," I would say. "I know he is true! When he comes he shall hear I never doubted him."

Then a little voice whispered:

"Will he come, Topsy? Will he ever?"

One December evening I was out with the four youngest of my brothers and sisters when the snow began to fall. Great flakes came down tickling our noses, making our eyelids blink as we hastened homewards.

Father was waiting for us at the open hall-door, and as we entered and shook the snow off our jackets, he read aloud gaily a telegram, with a glance at me.

"To Colonel Butler, Ardelle, Honiton.—Expect me about five to-night.

"Stewart Holland"

He was coming! My Stewart!

"There, Topsy," said my father, "that concerns you most. What, child, blushing! Tut, tut!"

"No, father," emphatically. "I was only—only startled."

"Humph! We never knew Topsy was troubled with nerves before—did we, Bunchie?"

Ere I could reply mother appeared, much to my relief.

"Dear, dear children!" she cried. "Still with your wet clothes on? And it is snowing quite hard, Topsy," reprovingly, "go with them upstairs, and see their stockings are taken off. Charlie had better put his thicker pair on."

"Yes, mother," I replied.

Gladly I seized Tot's hand, and proceeded upstairs to the nursery to unlace wet boots, and pull off wet socks. Oh, how I hated and loathed my elder-sister duties at that moment. What did I care if Charlie wore his wet stockings a month, or if it snowed for ever, when Stewart, my own Stewart, was coming?—Stewart who was true—would he come if he were not?

"My love, my love, how I longed and longed for you!" I cried in my heart. "You are coming, coming. I am so glad!"

And then, as the light became grayer, and the cold wind whistled outside, I recalled how sad, how very sad and full of doubts and fears I had uselessly been. How I had grieved that we were so poor—how my whole being had yearned to be something, anything, except myself.

How many tears I had shed as I looked around my simple room and cried, hotly:

"It is unfair, quite unfair. Why should I have so little while others have so much!"

Just then my eyes had chanced to rest upon the flyleaf of my mother's little French Testament, and I had stood rebuked; on it was written:

"To my Dear Right-hand Margaret."

"Oh, mother, mother," I had cried, "if that I could be so unselfish as you!"

And here was my reward—Stewart was coming.

After the sock changing schoolroom tea demanded my presence. Alas! my thoughts were far away.

"Why, Topsy," cried Bunchie, "you have given me real brown tea to-night."

"How stupid of me. Pass your mug. Why are you so late, Jack?" I said, as he entered in a hurry.

"Oh, there's ice on the lake. I've been down there. Why don't you take some tuck, Topsy?" as he drew his chair to the table.

"No, thank you. Next time you are late I shall speak to father."

"Whew-w-w! I say, Tot, what's up with Margaret? Dad knows, because——"

I no longer heard or heeded him. Surely that was the front door bell. Starting from my chair I made an excuse to run out on to the staircase and peer into the dimly-lighted hall beneath. All was silent. I turned away sighing.

Stay! The door was being opened. Yes, there was a quick step on the stair. The step of someone who saw me in the shadow and asked:

"Is that you, Maggie? I knew I should find you up here, so——"

"Stewart—Stewart?" I cried, springing forward, and as his strong arms went round me, I knew all my weary waiting was at an end at last—my longings satisfied.

The Covenanters.

BY P. M. G.

TO THE number of a score, the Scotch Covenanters assembled in the part of the muir which they had chosen. Lying open, its merit consisted in the treacherous nature of the bog that surrounded it, saturated by the continual outpouring of a stream that seemed to lose itself in the mass of the swamp, yet which became again one collected stream after it had passed the small circle of land upon which the Covenanters now stood.

Impassable, except by a small bridge-like ridge that wound intricately in the passage from the land to what they called "Jock Island," they considered it one of their strongest and safest meeting-places, for, if attacked, their enemy would rush on safe-looking ground "like hounds after a bit o' meat, and the grun', as tho' I' loathing, would open underneath their feet, and they would dwell in hell for evermore."

At the island end of this ridge, or bridge as I will call it, stood Dirk Stark, the old

smith, whose once mighty frame was now weakened by his eighty years, but who still was the equal of any man breathing. As each man came across he stepped up to Dirk, and, because of the darkness of the night, pushed his face close to the other.

This was the safest password, for a word can be stolen, but features never; and each knew that in the right hand of the smith there lurked a dirk, ready to spill the coward blood of any spy.

Each man stood steadfast till Dirk said, "It's yersell, daurk night," then dropped into the group of men in the centre. The hour fixed had passed, so Dirk joined the group, and another man took his place, and still another was placed on the outskirts of the other side.

Then the business of the meeting was proceeded with. Straining his eyes over the muirland to where a brow of a neighboring knowe swung up against the scarcely blacker sky, the sentinel at the bridge stood as still as the muir itself.

The low-toned conversation went on in whispers that barely reached the listener's ears, and so quiet was the air that the flap of a peeweep's wing was heard ere the sentinel could see it rising up against the sky.

"Somebody comes!" he called to the group.

"Can you see him?" asked Dirk.

"No, I only saw the birds rising."

"Tell us whaun ye can see him thee," said Dirk, and he resumed the discussion of the meeting.

The sentinel fixed his eyes on the sweep of the hill, and all seemed as before; but during the talk a man more cunning than they had crept on all-fours over the ridge of hill, and now lay, panting softly, at the other end of the bridge.

When his breathing became easier the spy resumed his direction, and like a serpent, squirmed his way noiselessly along the bridge, not on hands and knees as before, but full length on ground, the whole movement being accomplished by a muscular working of the body that was as loathsome to see as the quivering glide of the adder.

Nearer and nearer the spy came to the sentinel, and, unwitting the nearness of his danger, the latter kept his eyes fixed upon the hill brow as the surest mode of detecting visitors in the darkness.

The spy reached the end of the bridge, and, crawling to one side, lay hid in the tall dank grass. The night became darker, and the sentinel knelt down, so that the ridge might stand out with clearer prominence against the clearer sky.

A slight, scarcely perceptible rattle of horses' harness reached his ears, but so faint and uncertain that he knew not whether to call or not.

Decision was put out of his power, however; for, ere he could resist, a hand covered his mouth and an arm of steel bent back his head till the hollow cracks of a broken neck broke out upon the still ness.

The spy placed his hand upon the man's heart. It had ceased to beat; and he laid the corpse down and took his place. The rattle of the harness had grown louder, and in the pause of the meeting Dirk called out:

"Ye're on the look-out, Glen?"

"A' richt," the spy answered, in low muffled tones.

Something seemed to puzzle Dirk for a moment; then he asked:

"That's you, Glen, yersell, is 't no?"

"Ay," the spy answered, in the same low voice.

"Canna ye speak not?" Dirk asked; but even as he said the words the clamor of harness broke out, and on the brow of the hill appeared some mounted men. With the quickness of ready decision Dirk sprang for the spy and caught him by his cloak.

With an adroit movement the spy rid himself of it, and turning fled over the bridge. Dirk would have pursued, but the face that he had seen made him hold up his hands toward heaven in awful agony.

"Oh, my son, and is it thou?" He stood for a moment as though life had departed, then sprang up no more a father, but only a man.

"Treachery! All to the Brig! Man the Brig, or we're din for!" he called; and obediently the men rallied to his call. When they had gathered around him he turned to Dick Delap:

"I resign the leadership of this band into thy hands." Then to all: "God hath made me a Jonah among men. My son has proved a traitor. Therefore I go out from among ye till he is dead. Farewell! May the God of Israel be with ye this night."

He sprang across the bridge, and each one that he left thought his agony had made him choose this mode of suicide, for three dragoons blocked the other end of the bridge, and his fate seemed sudden death.

But Providence, eratwhile hard, had reserved him for a greater death than this, so that when he charged, with Ferrara in right and dirk in left hand, among the dragoons—a fearsome sight—the first flinched, and flinching, slipped into the slough; the second delivered his blow too soon—whereupon the smith ran in upon him and finished him with his dirk; and the third was the spy, his own son, who fled when he saw his avenging father.

In an agony of fear the spy ran to where the rest of the dragoons were massed, and in his fear his blade slipped from his grasp. Dirk followed close at his heels.

The night was dark, and though the moon had now appeared she was hidden almost continually behind the dull brown clouds. As the two men came to within twenty yards from the dragoon line the challenge rang out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The spy dared not stop, and, still running, answered:

"Stand, friend!" came forth the challenge; and, as the spy made another step, "Stand!" in a warning tone, accompanied by the click of a lock. Not a moment was left to decide his fate. Should he go forward and risk the shots, or should he turn to the mercy of the father he had so often cajoled? Instinctively he chose the latter, and, turning, went on his knees as Dirk came within his reach.

"Father!" the son said in pleading tones, "I am not guilty."

"Oh, dinna dee, laddie, wi' a lee on yer tipe."

"Answer, friend—the password!" rang out the challenge.

"Father, I was led astray."

"Past astray when it was against God and—"

("Answer, friend—the password!")

"Let me go, father."

"Ye maun dee. Ye're too black to leave."

("Guard! stand to your arms!" sang out the captain of the soldiers.)

The son arose and tried to pass the father, but the latter put out his strength and closed him to his breast.

"Let me go, father!" cried the son, and reached for his pouland.

The father held him in his left arm and caught the wandering hand in his right.

("Answer, or we fire!")

"Oh, God, help us to dee, and send me to hell in place of my son. For, though I kill him, he is my son."

("Fire!")

"Will ye stand straicht like a man if I leave go?" asked the father. But the son only gave a convulsive jerk. "God receive his spirit!"

"Fire!" Ten shots came from the line, and the twain lay dead upon the dank grass.

THE BUSINESS OF BLACKMAILING.

There are in the West End of London some half dozen, at least, places where the servants, male and female, of the wealthy congregate in their hours of leisure. Some of these are devoted to men's and women's use respectively; at other "Jeames" meets Jane.

Each rendezvous is patronized by its own particular little clique. An "outsider" attending one of these gatherings would be at once struck by a peculiar feature. Amid the buzz of conversation on all sides would be heard the repetition of famous names.

The business, the fads, and the follies of "my lord" and "her ladyship" are discussed with a freedom that strikes the venerator of the aristocracy as being little short of sacrilegious. This circumstance is turned frequently to nefarious but profitable account by an individual who, in the guise of a bona fide servant, lurks often amid the throng.

Skeletons exist in not a small number of gilded cupboards. Their presence suspected, ingenuity and shrewd cunning soon turn more conjecture into evidence supported fact. The blackmailing valet or lady's maid is a recognised terror to society.

A season or two ago the personal servant of a well-known man, having saved a nice little sum, resolved to purchase a small country public house. Chatting one day with a colleague casually encountered, the stranger declared he knew of the very thing. Growing confidential over their glasses, the valet foolishly hinted that his master was not altogether the saint he was usually set down as.

The blackmailer chuckled. He went diligently to work to find an investment for the valet; and, when he succeeded, made a bargain that, in return for his services, he should be recommended for the vacant place.

He got it, and at once commenced to pry into his master's affairs. Bit by bit he learned the gentleman's whole history: gathered proofs of various things not to his credit; and then one evening, just prior to his master's marriage to a lady of position, he confronted him in his own study, mentioned the evidence he was in possession of, and demanded £500 as the price of his silence. And the money was paid on the condition that the man left England.

Substantial as was the amount thus extorted, it is not every victim that escapes even thus cheaply. Sacrifices yet dearer than the making of monetary payments are sometimes called for by the blackmailer's demands. Not a great while back a gentleman of position poisoned himself. Reason for his so doing there appeared to be none. On the death of an old servant of his, however, the whole truth came out.

The man had, it seems, faithfully served his master, and at last retired. Evil days came; he lost all his money, and applied to his late employer for aid.

A small sum was sent; the man asked for more; and, being refused, mentioned the fact that he was in possession of a secret.

Twenty pounds came in answer to that. As nothing more could be extracted, the man sold the information he possessed for another ten pounds to two villains, who, going scientifically to work, squeezed hundreds of pounds from the unfortunate victim, ere, harassed and worried out of his life, he sought relief that a dose of strychnine offered to him.

In a blackmailing case reported from the Continent some four years ago, evidence showed that a lady of much wealth had for years been paying a third of her income to her discharged maid, who had obtained possession of some incriminating letters written by her mistress, whom she threatened with exposure whenever the allowance was delayed.

Similarly a lady owning an important dressmaking concern was compelled to give a partnership to a designing attendant, who, discovering the particulars of a little intrigue, used the information to her own advantage.

Fear of exposure in nearly every case precludes resistance; and once the victim gives way, it is all over with him or her. The blackmailing servant is one of the most formidable foes of any that dog the footstep of the individual "with a past."

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY.—An excellent amateur pianoforte player was recently asked how she had managed to keep up her music. She was over forty, and had brought up a large family. She had never been rich, and she had had more social burdens than fall to the lot of most women.

"How have you ever done it?" said her friend, who had long ago lost the musical skill which she had gained at a great expense, both in time and money.

"I have done it," replied the other, "by practising fifteen minutes a day, whenever I could not get more. Sometimes, for several months together, I have been able to practice two or three hours each day. Now and then I have taken a course of lessons, so as to keep up with the times; but, however busy and burdened I have been, unless actually ill in bed, I have practised at least fifteen minutes each day. This has tided me over from one period of leisure to another, so that now I have still my one talent at least, as well improved as ever it was, with which to entertain my friends and amuse myself."

ELECTRICITY AS BAIT.—The Prince of Monaco has invented a fish-trap which is said to have proved highly successful. In the first place, he has provided a trap net which can be sunk to a depth of two miles, and this is furnished with an electric light and plunge battery, protected against the pressure of the water by large air cushions. When the trap has been sunk into position, the current is turned on, and the light from the lamp attracting the fishes, these are caught in large numbers, many of them being such as have not been previously seen. The apparatus consists of a small incandescent lamp of three candle power, having a piece of wire twisted round it to keep it from shaking against the quart bottle in which it is placed, the bottle being weighted to insure its sinking to any depth required. Attached to the lamp and passing through the stopper are two light-weight electric wires, which run out to any length desired, the depth of the lamp in the water being regulated by a large float-board.

At Home and Abroad.

The voracity of the eagle and similar birds of prey is well known, but the contents of a nest which was recently discovered in the Alps by a Swiss hunter shows the following remarkable variety in the daily menu: A hare, twenty-seven chamois' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, eleven heads of fowls, eighteen heads of grouse, and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

A true bird story comes from Galesville, Md. Some time ago a citizen of the town picked up a young mocking bird which had fallen from its nest. The bird, which had become slightly disabled from the fall, was placed in a cage in the doorway. For three days the parent birds have been hovering about the premises bewailing, in bird fashion, the capture of a member of their family, and endeavoring to feed the lame bird through the bars of the cage. The other day the cage, partly open, was removed to a locust tree in the yard. Immediately the mother of the incarcerated bird, carrying a berry in its mouth, flew into the cage and was entrapped. Efforts will be made to secure, through the same means, the male bird, so that the entire family may be united.

Sake is a national beverage of Japan, and until recent years was the only fermented liquor known in that empire. It is obtained by the distillation of the best kinds of rice. In appearance it resembles very pale sherry, though in taste it is somewhat acid. The best sake is white, but there are many varieties, and the poorer people in Japan have to content themselves with a turbid sort. A glass of sake is drunk at every function and ceremony of daily life; even all offerings to the gods at religious festivals, whether great or small, include a cup of sake. At the annual dinner last year of the Thirteen Club, in London, at which everything was served à la Japanese, a glass of the national beverage was handed round to each guest after the repast, with an intimation that a second could be had if desired. It is reported, however, that there was by no means a run on the second glass, sake seeming to be far less popular with Englishmen than with Japanese.

"I shall always be glad," says a gossiper in an English paper, "that I was present when our future King won the Derby. The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin drew Prince and people very close that day. Everybody knows that royalties are not, as a rule, above all things human. But the Prince is as human as any man living. And at the Derby the tremendous outburst of affectionate loyalty, the long uproarious yell of delight which greeted his horse as winner, touched him so that his face grew white and he trembled visibly from head to foot. The Prince was, indeed, unable himself to lead his horse, and one likes him, if possible, almost better than ever before when one realizes how deeply he was stirred by the popular ovation accorded to him. And the Duke of York, too, could scarcely disguise his agitation."

Maine, the State, is noted for the number and extent of its wood alcohol factories, the spirit being produced by dry distillation simply. The ordinary is dry [illegible] with from six to four-ten parts of cast iron or steel retorted from one to one and a half cords capacity to the pair, and the wood, after being hermetically sealed in the retort in charcoal by a baking process, the fumes of which are condensed and precipitated by lime and other chemicals. This pyrogenous fluid is drawn off and redistilled and shipped to refiners for final treatment, after which it is ready for the market. Only hard wood of the best quality is supposed to be used—the better the quality of wood the purer the quality of the liquor. The wood—beech, birch and maple—yields on an average some six gallons to the cord, a good deal depending on the age and quality of the wood, and the best results are obtained when the retorts are well packed.

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Our Young Folks.

JANE AND THE BEAUTY-WATER.

BY T. B. C.

ONCE upon a time in a little house beside a big wood, a little girl named Jane lived with her grandmother. That sounds rather like the beginning of a fairy-tale.

And Jane had no other children to play with, so her only companions were the birds and animals of the wood, who talked with her as if she were one of themselves. And that seems more like a fairy-tale.

Indeed, Jane herself, thought she was living in a fairy-tale, and that was where she made her mistake.

Birds and animals have a capital language of their own; and now and then, perhaps once in a hundred years, there happens to be a little child who grows up amongst them and understands it, and if the little child has no other playmates, this is very pleasant.

But on that day this story begins, Jane was very sad. She had been sitting on a bank while her playmates bathed in the lovely pool, which was clear as a mirror; she had looked long and often at her own reflection in the water, and she felt sure there was not one of her friends who was so ugly as she was.

Poor Jane! Her hair was straight and rough, her face was pale and not very clean, her shoulders were narrow, her feet turned in; and even her clothes were disappointing, for they were made like her grandmother's, and did not fit very well. So when the bathing was over, and Jane's friends sat preening their pretty feathers and shaking their fur, she sighed deeply and exclaimed, "Oh, I wish, I wish I was beautiful!"

"You are rather plain," agreed Robin as he looked at her thoughtfully.

Jane burst into tears, and Robin felt sorry that he had spoken. Then the others looked severely at Robin, and they also felt sorry that he had spoken. At length young Thrush broke the silence.

"I wish," he began, "that the old fairy my great-grandmother knew lived in these parts now."

"Why?" they all asked in chorus.

"Because," he continued, "she was a wonderful fairy—she could do everything; she could even make ugly people as beautiful as—as birds. Indeed, the story goes that she once turned an ugly little dwarf into a charming princess called Lovabel."

Young Thrush looked round to see the effect of his words. Jane's sobs had ceased, and she looked at him eagerly, while the others were much interested, and Robin's wings quivered with excitement.

"How did she do that?" he asked breathlessly.

"Sprinkled her with beauty-water," replied the Thrush.

"Beauty-water!" cried Jane. "Is there such a thing?"

"Of course there is," replied Thrush.

"Oh, I wish I could get some," cried Jane; and then she began sobbing again.

"Can she get some?" asked Squirrel, who was sorry for anyone less pretty than himself.

"No; that old fairy flew up into the clouds years ago, and has never been seen since."

"Perhaps there are others," suggested little Wren.

"Yes, but how could she know them?" asked Robin.

"That's easy enough," cried Thrush; "they are always old and bent, and they live in little houses near big woods."

Jane stopped sobbing and listened.

"And they're always picking strange plants and boiling them in big pots,"

"Oh!" cried Jane, "Grannie's just like that." And she clapped her hands eagerly.

"Yes," replied Thrush thoughtfully; "I've often fancied your grandmother must be just like the fairy that great-grandmother knew."

"Perhaps she is one," remarked Squirrel solemnly.

"If she is," declared Thrush, "Jane need not cry any more, for she can be as beautiful as we are."

"But how can I get the beauty water?" cried Jane.

Robin looked very mischievous, with his bright, round eyes. "Take it!" he whispered slily.

Then there was silence, while everyone thought over Thrush's story; and then their toilets being finished, Jane's friends said it was time to be going, and they went off into the wood.

For a time Jane sat thinking; and the more she thought the more certain she grew that Grannie was really an old fairy; and very joyful she became, for she determined that if there were beauty water in the cottage she would find it. And cheered by her new hope she ran home.

"Grannie," said Jane, when supper was over, "I wish that you would call me 'Lovabel': it's prettier than 'Jane.'"

"Lovabel!" exclaimed Grannie, looking over her spectacles. "No, my dear, 'Jane' is good enough for me." And she tied her bonnet strings with a jerk which said plainly, "So that's settled."

"Now don't be thinking of nonsense," said Grannie, "but wash those dirty marks from your face, and get to bed by the time I come back from picking sticks."

So Jane went upstairs and began to undress; but she watched Grannie until she was out of sight, and then she crept out from her little room and began her search for the beauty-water.

Upstairs and downstairs she crept, peering under the bed, climbing to the shelves, poking into boxes, prying into cupboards; but never a drop could she find of the stuff which Grannie boiled in the big pot. And at last poor Jane stood still, with two big tears making two fresh stripes on her cheeks, for Grannie would soon be back, and she would have to go on being ugly all her life.

At length, as she gave one last look round, she spied a tiny cupboard high in the wall, which Grannie never allowed her to open.

"That would be the very place!" thought Jane; and dragging a chair to the wall, she climbed up and opened the door. There before her stood two big jars full of clear liquid of a beautiful color.

"That's it!" cried Jane delightedly; "I know that's what Grannie was boiling." And drawing one jar into her arms, she climbed down again as quickly as possible, and dragged the chair back to its place.

"Now to get upstairs safely before Grannie comes," she thought; and her little heart beat fast as she hurriedly lifted the jar. But at that moment Grannie's footstep sounded outside. Jane tried to run, her turned-in feet tripped her, the jar slipped from her shaking hands, and with a crash it fell to the floor smashed in pieces.

"Wicked child!" cried Grannie; "what have you done?"

But Jane's terror and disappointment were too much for her, and she howled as loudly as she knew how.

"How dare you touch my dye-jar!" said Granny sternly.

"I th—thought it was b—beauty-water," sobbed Jane, "and I w—wanted to be b—beautiful."

"Beautiful!" cried Grannie; "very beautiful you'd be if you washed in my best blue dye. Take my advice, and wash more at the pump; you'll find that the best beauty-water nowadays."

And really Grannie was right, although she was not a fairy; for Jane, being very anxious to be beautiful, washed, and washed, and washed at the pump every day; and in time her cheeks grew so fresh and rosy, and her hair so smooth, that even Thrush and Robin admitted that she was almost as pretty as a bird.

NEVER A CRIMINAL.

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows.

She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city. The convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified.

The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the Church than for his heir.

There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The doorkeeper is a pretty little nun whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with.

The Superior is a handsome old lady with keen, penetrating eyes, a firm mouth, and an expression that is at once kindly and—oddly enough, considering she is a nun—humorous.

She has a gentle courtesy of manner that is singularly attractive; she has, too, that most excellent thing in a woman, a low sweet voice. Judging by the stately grace with which she wears her long cream-white robes, her early days were more probably passed at the Hofburg than in a convent.

The fact of her being a great lady, however, does not prevent her being a clear-headed business woman. She has at her finger-ends all the details of the working of the institution under her control; and not a spoon is moved there without her knowing the whys and wherefores of its moving.

She is evidently heart and soul in her work, and keenly interested in everything that concerns her charges. She knows all the circumstances of their cases, and deals with each of them individually, bringing good influences to bear on them, appealing to their feelings, and trying to arouse in them a sense of self-respect.

The Superior led the way into a large, cheerful looking room, in which some fifty women were sitting working. Perhaps half a dozen of them were making matchboxes or buttons; and the others were doing fine needle-work, beautiful embroidery, lace, and wool work, under the guidance of a Sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures.

She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness.

Another Sister, a woman with a strong, sphinx-like face, was sitting at the further end of the room, on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent.

As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us, in the most cheery fashion, with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

These women were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good-humored, they differ so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison.

We had never a doubt but that their offences were of the most trivial nature, and we said so. The Superior gave us one of her odd, humorous smiles.

"Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider." That insignificant looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle deceptive smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place one would have set her down at once as the hard-working wife of a struggling curate, so thoroughly respectable did she look.

And she is Marie Schneider, a European celebrity, with more murders on her conscience than she has fingers on her hands! "And you let her stay here?"

"We have nowhere else to put her," the Inspector, who had joined us, replied; "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate-looking girl with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low, cooing voice, and a singularly sweet, innocent expression.

"What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered.

"Done," the Inspector replied grimly; "set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children."

The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears; for, although we were standing at some distance away, she heard what he said, and she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life.

It was absolutely diabolic: had there been a knife within reach, the man would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile an angel might have envied.

MANY children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The width of the Suez Canal is 325 feet.

The world's railroads reach 407,566 miles.

There are manufactured in the United States 3,000,000 kegs of nails in a year.

The new British army magazine rifle will throw a bullet to a distance of over 4000 yards.

A clerk at the Fort Hall Indian Agency has a mustache that measures nine feet from tip to tip.

Postage stamps to the number of 4,000,000,000 are annually used by the people in the United States.

Between 35,000 and 50,000 divorces have been declared irregular and illegal in Kansas by the courts.

French law requires that a body shall be buried within forty-eight hours after death, unless it is embalmed.

It is estimated that from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of cod fish are annually captured round about Newfoundland.

Great Britain has on her Medical Register 35,000 names. Nearly 10,000 have been added during the past ten years.

Under a recently passed ordinances, children under 15 years of age must be off the streets of Columbus, Ohio, by 9 o'clock at night.

Burglars on Tuesday night stole $300 worth of jewelry and a ferocious bull dog from a Chicago residence. Anise seed oil was used to tempt the dog.

Joseph Johnson, of 132 Goerck street, New York, has saved thirty-one persons from drowning. The last case was that of a demented woman who attempted suicide.

The yield of wheat in France, owing to the careful cultivation of the soil, and the large quantities of guano and other fertilizers employed, is seventeen bushels per acre.

The secret marks on Bank of England notes, by which forgeries are so rapidly detected, are constantly being changed. The microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

Mohammedan depositors in the Post-office savings banks are enriching the British Government, as their religion forbids them to receive interest. They insist on taking out no more than they have put in.

Visitors to Colorado Springs make the ascent of Pike's Peak almost daily, as transportation is easy by cog road. On the top the luxury of snowballing in July may be indulged in, as the snow is yet plentiful.

A Natick, R. I., man who served through the war of the Rebellion with great credit and bravery and returned unscathed lost four fingers of his left hand last Fourth by the explosion of a cannon cracker.

For forty years Lawrence and James Dalton have been separated and each thought the other dead. Recently one heard by accident that the other was still in the land of the living, and a few days ago the two met in New York.

The latest invention to facilitate field operations is the typewriter bicycle. This consists of a typewriter mounted on a serviceable wheel, which can follow the movements of an army through an ordinary stretch of country.

On the first Sunday that all the London museums were thrown open they were visited by 10,000 persons. Of these 3427 went to the National Gallery, 3173 to the South Kensington Museum and 1644 to the British Museum.

An improved snake story comes from Calcutta. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end.

Only one of the thirteen trees planted on Washington Heights by Alexander Hamilton more than a century ago to commemorate the thirteen original States of the Union is in a flourishing condition. All of the others are either dead and dying.

About a year ago a Wichita, Kan., man was a juryman at the trial of a man accused of counterfeiting. The implements of the counterfeiter were in evidence, and the juror examined them closely. After the trial was over he went home and made some counterfeiting tools himself. He is now in prison.

It is estimated that the drought in New South Wales has caused the loss of 9,000,000 sheep. This catastrophe, together with the consequent reduction in the number of lambs in the next breeding season, will make a great difference to the supplies of mutton and wool for this year and the next.

A deputation of the Moscow Merchants' Association has requested the municipality to devise some method for preventing the dangers and the inconveniences arising out of the use of rubber tires on public and private vehicles. A list of people who have sustained injuries is to be submitted to the authorities among these being that of a bookkeeper, or clerk, who died from a splash of mud which was flung into his throat while he was inadvertently yawning.

'MID THE ROSES.

BY W. W. LONG.

'Mid the bloom of roses,
Roses white and red,
Goes my bonny darling,
Perfume round her spread.

Swift I follow after,
Trailing up love's clue;
Hide and seek with Cupid,
Love doth her pursue.

FROM VINE TO BOTTLE.

The industrial part of a Medoc chateau divides itself into three main divisions: the press room, the cellar proper, and the caves containing the bottled wines. Each is interesting, but the first is undoubtedly the most attractive when the vintage has begun.

A busy scene then goes on here. Men, women, and children are hard at work in the vineyards picking the grapes; the women and children receiving half the pay of adults, which may be put at thirty cents a day and their food.

Where a classified wine is to be made, the utmost care must be taken that no unripe, burst, or rotten grapes are harvested. A supervisor is present to see to this precaution. Here and there about the vineyard are men with wooden panniers on their backs. These, when filled, are emptied into the receiving vats on cars, drawn in many cases by bullocks. And when the latter have their load complete not a moment is lost in conveying the luscious burden to the chateau, where men are in readiness immediately to urge the grapes into the first stage of vinification.

The contents of the vats are turned into vessels provided with either an upper grill or a trough, so contrived that as the grapes are separated from the stalks they fall into a lower receptacle.

The grill system is the more in vogue. Upon it men disengage the grapes, either with their hands or with little wooden rakes. Needless to say, they work with as much delicacy and quickness as possible.

Very few are the chateaus at present in which machinery is used instead of men. The Chateau-Segonzac, in the Blaye district, is, however, a notable exception to the general rule. Here the grapes are disengaged mechanically and afterward crushed by india-rubber cylinders with marvellous nicety, so that not a pip is bruised. The "must" is subsequently conveyed into the vats through piping. It seems safe to prophesy that steam power will in time be adopted in all the larger chateaus of the Medoc, as well as in the Chateau Segonzac.

The crushing tubs are roomy little shallow apartments in wood. Hither the grapes are brought when stripped, and five or six men at once get among them, barefooted. As exercise, this treading of grapes may be good for the leg muscles, but it must become mortally wearisome.

Moreover, the fumes of the juice about the ankles may be supposed quite potent enough to affect a weak head. However, this old mode of pressing is general in the Medoc, and is at least picturesque. The juice meanwhile is drawn off through a tap and transported across to the enormous vats in the same room. These, when filled, are tight-closed for the important process of fermentation.

An uncertain period has to elapse ere this is through—perhaps a week, perhaps a month. Then comes the transfer of the wine to the fine new barrels in the great cellar. The barrels are not filled in rotation from first one vat and then another, but an equal quantity is put into each from the first vat, then from the second, and so on, thereby assuring a uniformity of quality in the wine. This done, the cellarer has for a time chiefly to see that his domain keeps properly dry and is subjected to no violent alterations of temperature.

But no sooner is the spring at hand than the rackings begin. This means that the wine has to be transferred to fresh barrels, to separate it from its deposits. Thrice in the first year is it racked, always in fine, dry, bright weather, and great care is necessary that the wine should lose nothing of its aroma in its change of residence by reckless exposure to the air.

If the wine is very full-bodied, and is to be bottled as soon as possible, at the end of its first year it is subject to a "whipping" or "fining," to clear it. For this either gelatine or the whites of eggs are used. Of the latter, six to eight suffice. They are beaten up, dropped into the wine, and the whole is then violently stirred with a cleft stick or rod furnished at the end with eight or ten tufts of hair. Gelatine is more applied to white wines, and is made to assimilate by the same methods.

For the second year the same series of rackings help on the purity of the wine, and at the end of this year also a whipping must be administered, except in the case of very light wines with the desired limpidity.

A fortnight or three weeks after the whipping the bottling may begin, unless the wines are of a high class, exacting more time to mature. Once bottled, the wine may rest in peace, and acquire the many virtues that in the Medoc attend upon a career of entire passivity.

ROYAL EARLY RISERS.—With the exception of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales nearly all the royalties of Europe have a very praiseworthy, but, at the same time, exceedingly inconvenient habit of getting up early in the day.

The Emperor William is generally about by 5 in the morning; the Queen Regent of Spain is dressed for the day at 7, although no one else is awake in Madrid before 11 o'clock or noon; King Humbert's hour of rising is 6, as is that of King Oscar and King Charles of Roumania, while the late Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, when in Europe, was wont to get up at 3 and call upon his friends and acquaintances at the extraordinary hour of 4 and 5 in the morning.

Queen Victoria never rises before 8. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria is the despair of the management of the bathing establishment at Aix-les-Baius. On her account they are obliged to keep it open all night, and to provide it with a double set of attendants. She insists on taking her bath at the unearthly hour of 3.30 in the morning. In this custom of getting up at strange hours she is in sympathy with her husband, for Francis Joseph is in bed every night at 9 o'clock and up by 4 at the very latest, having accomplished a considerable portion of the business of the day before the majority of his subjects open their eyes.

Grains of Gold.

Say not "if," but "I will."

He who seeks fame wades deep in the mire.

Reach for fame, and you grasp a bubble.

Don't disturb others by mourning over your own mistakes.

With many people it is as difficult to live within their income as without it.

Unsought fame is a testimony of legitimate work. In it there is no vanity.

The virtue which parleys is sure to surrender; moral strength gives a negative at once.

Flattery has been defined to be a false coin, which derives its currency from our vanity.

It is not to be governed by the feelings, for they ebb and flow like the waves of the sea.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient and wisely-directed study.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Femininities.

Man is eighty per cent. water. That is why a boil makes him hot.

It is generally "all up" with a man when he begins to go down hill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, 85 years old, of Richmond, Ind., makes a living by "taking in washing."

A little dry corn starch or pulverized soapstone put on the hands in warm weather will prevent any perspiration injuring kid gloves.

Mr. Wigwag: Do you think women will vote in heaven? Mrs. Wigwag: Certainly; and the men will be outnumbered a hundred to one.

"And so you have discharged your cook? Why, I supposed that you thought she was a jewel." "So I did. But my husband got to thinking the same thing."

A sad coincidence is noted in the recent deaths of two Maine school teachers, both of whom became despondent over the death of their mothers and committed suicide.

Wallace: Do you believe in signs? Ferry: Some. When you see a woman driving south and looking east it is a pretty sure sign that she means to turn to the west at the first corner.

Knife-plaiting has come around again. Narrow ruffles of this sort appear on skirts, up and down the edges of the box plaits on the waists, and the batiste blouse has a basque made of a double frill of knife plaiting.

An item is going the round of the Michigan State press to the effect that a young lady had a needle enter her waist about a year ago and it recently worked its way out of the arm of a young man in another city.

"When I grow up," said little Jack to his father, "I'm going to be just like you, papa."

"Good boy to say so," said his father.

"Well, I mean it," said Jack. "What a jolly time you do have with mamma always about to wait on you!"

"What's the matter there, Alice? Don't your shoes fit?" "No, papa; they don't fit me at all," replied the little one; and then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in set terms, and reached the climax thus: "Why, they don't even squeak when I go out for a walk!"

The ruthless hand of the iconoclast threatens to overthrow Boston's time-honored Sunday morning breakfast. Several housewives have had the temerity to complain to a paper that they find "fishballs and baked beans on a warm Sunday morning heavy and unattractive."

Overheard at a popular summer resort. Nell: Are there any men here?

Belle: Not a man.

Nell: Well, how do you do?

Belle: Oh, we just get together and sing.

Nell: There's nothing masculine about that.

Belle: But we only sing hymns.

A house recently built in New York has a revolving sideboard, with double front. It is built between the dining room and butler's pantry, and by its aid a dinner is very much expedited. One assistant on the pantry side arranges the dishes and other needfuls for the coming course while the waitress in the dining room is serving the present one.

Wilstack: You want to marry my daughter, do you?

Lonerly: Yes, sir.

Wilstack: You notice the resemblance between her and her mother?

Lonerly: Yes, sir.

Wilstack: All right, then. Take her, and I hope you'll be happy.

Queen Amelie of Portugal, the loveliest crowned head in Europe, and eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, has turned the application of the X rays to a novel and praiseworthy purpose. Her Majesty has been taking sciographs of the trunks of the various court ladies, exhibiting them to the subjects of the experiments, with the purpose of demonstrating the evils of tight lacing.

New sleeves show the contour of the arm nearly to the shoulder, where some width is given by the addition of ruffles and bows, and occasionally a pretty draping of stuff. The part of the sleeve is not always left plain, but arranged in a various number of complicated ways. Perhaps this is out of consideration for the thin-armed woman who has revelled in large sleeves so long.

A Paris correspondent says: "Countess de Castellane, nee Gould, is evidently destined to be one of the Empresses of Parisian fashion. As at the Quirinal, so in Republican France, are the transatlantic beauties carrying all before them. In a few years the daughters of millionaires will be wearing half the coronets of the French annuaire. Some of the heiresses, while they do not fulfil the monetary promises which made them so attractive, still live happily enough with their gallic husbands, who, like the late Marquis de Mores, got to talk English as if they were stewards on a German Atlantic liner, and, to be fair, it must be added, that the French of some of the ladies is equally as slipshod."

Masculinities.

"Say, Tugby, don't you hate these hot, moist days?" "No—just suit me—don't have to lick postage stamps."

A soulful Kansas woman has recently secured a divorce from her husband on the ground that he is too practical.

A Jersey City hackman was hauled before a justice the other day and fined $5 for indulging in two swear words in public.

The man who feels that it is necessary to support his word by an oath confesses that his character for veracity is not above suspicion.

Two young men, John LaFrance and Norman DeBaux, have made the trip between New York and San Francisco on their bicycles in thirty-seven days.

Prince Maximilian of Saxony, son of King Albert's brother and heir, became a priest some time ago, and will celebrate mass for the first time in Dresden.

An umbrella covered with a transparent material has been invented in England. The holder is enabled to see where he is going when he holds it before his face.

"Mothers are funny," said little Willie. "Why do you say that, Willie?" "'Cause they are. When their sons is cryin', they spank 'em, just as if that wouldn't make 'em cry more."

"I am very much afraid that Jimmy is in mischief," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband. "I can't bear him," replied Mr. Snaggs. "That's why I think he must be doing something he ought not to."

A New York florist recently was stung in the tongue by a small insect. The injury was so serious that a surgeon was compelled to cut the man's tongue out in order to save his life.

Nell: Mrs. Goodthing has a strong will, hasn't she? Belle: Yes, indeed. Why the other day she had an appointment to meet her husband, and passed two bargain counters without even stopping.

James Dean, President of the Bay Ridge, N. Y., Free Library, owns fully 50,000 weapons of all kinds. He is an enthusiastic collector in this line, and his collection is said to be among the richest of the kind in the world.

A well-known medical authority says in a recent work that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. "It is the most valuable animal food obtainable," he says, "from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat."

The latest importations from London in the way of golf hose for men are in solid colors, with striking ornamentations on the part that turns over. Fancy weaves as well as fancy colors are employed to make conspicuous this part of a man's cycling or golf toilette.

Andrew Cameron, diver, at work on Loch Treig, dived to a depth of 200 feet recently. This, it is said, is the greatest depth ever reached by submarine diving. Up to this the record dive was that at Brussels, where a diver named Valmont reached the depth of 160 feet.

The Rev. William Mosse, of De Kalb county, Ind., has during his long life married upward of 1500 couples. Recently on his expressed wish all these couples still living, to the number of more than 1000 decided to hold a reunion next month, with the pastor as an honored and central figure.

While a New York man was shaving himself on Sunday morning he cut his throat slightly, through his wife inadvertently knocking against his elbow. That was bad enough, but the neighbors began to talk, with the result that the man was arrested on a charge of attempting to commit suicide.

The prisoners in the Maryeville, Ky., jail have formed a "Good Order" society. The objects of the association are to prevent boisterousness, spitting on the floor, the use of profane language, etc. Offenders are punished by a mock court, formed by the society. A murderer is judge, another murderer is sheriff and a third murderer is executioner.

The results of the recent National Conventions have fallen with heavy force upon two brand-new infants near English, Ind. Elmer Graydon has named his latest addition Abraham Lincoln Ulysses William McKinley and John Vaughn calls his heir Thomas Jefferson Andrew Jackson James Monroe William Jennings Bryan. Both children are still alive.

A good election story comes from France. In a little Alpine canton a candidate was addressing the free and independent electors when he was asked whether the district would have a railway if he should be returned to the Chamber of Deputies. "A railway!" replied the candidate. "It 'tis that's a difficult business, but"—with an engaging smile—"I think I can promise you a station."

There is a man in Ohio, named Jenkins, whose resemblance to Abraham Lincoln is said to be wonderful. He is said to have received in his time enough jail sentences to round out an ordinary life, and been in enough brawls and accidents to kill a dozen ordinary men. Yet, on account of his likeness to Lincoln, it is asserted he gets all the free passes on the railroads that he wants and almost any favor he asks for.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Shirt waists this season are as varied in style and trimming as many other articles of dress, and quite as near perfection, perhaps, as it is possible for them to reach. The prettiest of all are the silk ones, made exactly like the percales, and worn with a black satin stock collar. Embroidered muslin shirts, with white linen collar and cuffs, are very dainty, and those of fine corn batiste, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes as well as pretty. The one novelty in cotton waists is seen in the sleeves, where the stripes run around instead of up and down, and Madras with chintz patterns is also used for shirtings. All sorts and kinds are found in the shops, but the tailor-made shirt waist has an aristocratic air and fit about it, which is never acquired by those ready made. The shirt necktie fastened in a bow under the chin has supplanted the long manly tie so much worn last season.

An immense amount of expense is lavished on belts this season, and the most elaborate are those of white kid jewelled with turquoise. Bright red belts are traced with black sequins and black kid. Russia leather and peau de suede play a leading part in the variety of leather belts. The most delicate embroideries of fine silver and gold, each inset with jewels, are applied to leather, and an acceptable gift just at present is the jewelled or gold clasp attached to a plain white leather belt. The wide belt of black satin ribbon, carefully fitted and boned, and fastened on one side with two rosettes with jet or white stone buttons in the centre, is another variety of belt very much worn.

Willow patterned ribbon in the prevailing shade of blue is one of the latest novelties, and it is used extensively for hat trimming. Alpaca ribbon is another variety, which is so called because it resembles the dress fabric, yet it is infinitely more glossy.

The feature of the new gingham dresses is the wide collar of white organdie trimmed with lace.

Old Irish point, old Dutch silver buckles and buttons, enamel and jeweled buttons, Wedgwood buttons set in paste, old muslin, old embroideries, all these things to which one unconsciously uses the prefix "old" are painfully and expensively new.

A particularly dainty and most smart costume is composed of a white serge skirt—or, if it be preferred, white alpaca—the seams buttoned over at either side, about half-way down, with large tabs and buttons of the new old variety in white enamel and fine paste

A bodice there is which is all that can be desired of the most becoming and most fascinating. It is of silk, so shot with delicate shades that it is only safe to say the predominating hue is pale green; sometimes there is a yellow light in it, and again a pink, quickly followed by suggestions of blue and pearl. The sleeves are shirred, and have cuffs down well over the hands, and with little ruffles in front of the accordian-plaited, pearl-edged, cream colored net. Near the shoulders the sleeves are drawn out into a little most becoming fullness.

The lower portion of the bodice is composed of a closely-fitting, swathed wide belt of black satin, fastened in front with a slantwise row of three white enamel and paste buttons. Over this is a kind of little, closely-fitting coat, falling in points back and front, and braided closely with white and narrow lines of black, and not only becoming but also charmingly effective in a refined and ladylike way. In front, between the little coat like arrangements, there is a full jabot of the accordian-plaited, pearl edged silk net, which is confined beneath little straps of white satin, each having a tiny bow in the centre. Besides this jabot, the coat is laced with a square collar of Irish point.

The latest novelty in the way of a neck ruff is a full ruche of accordion-plaited linen colored batiste, edged with narrow, white Valenciennes lace. Two white silk-petaled poppies are caught to the ruff in front, and loops of white satin ribbon stand up here and there all the way round.

Jewelry seems to be coming in favor again, and all sorts of trinkets are in the shops; the old time "set of jewelry" is all out, however.

Skirts made in seven gores are vastly popular.

The fullness of skirts remains undiminished.

The toilette of sheer white organdy, with an elaborate decoration of lace edging and insertion and bright ribbon, suggests summer fetes and gayeties, pleasant calls and charming drives on warm days, for it is appropriate for all except rare occasions of ceremony.

Side combs are not out of style. They are not so conspicuously worn as they used to be.

Among the many attractive forms in which the tea gown is displayed this newest Empire style is especially pleasing and will make up most attractively in a combination.

The mousquetaire or Bernhardt sleeve has many admirers.

Navy blue foulards, with irregular white figures, suggestive of Japanese art, are quite the craze, and need out the simplest treatment. The skirts are plain. Round, full bodices, with blue satin sash ribbon, wide enough to give the effect of a corselet, when carried round the waist and crossed in front to the left, with a smart bow of rosette form. The choker ribbon matches, and has tabs of plisse lace falling over with lace ruffles at the wrists of the new sleeve. It is charmingly simple.

Distinct bodices can be worn with useful alpaca skirts, and there is a great fashion for the open embroidered lawn as well as for china silk. All kinds of lawn collars and soft muslin embroidered collars like miniature capes are made to slip off and on; these diminish to a point in front, but fall as deep as a sailor collar at the back. Turned down muslin collars edged with lace, and cuffs to match, appear on many of the gowns; and there is a new mode coming in, namely, a single-breasted low jacket, which ends at the waist, that can be slipped over any other bodice, and makes a great variety.

Golf may be the most fashionable of all outdoor sports but tennis is not to be utterly routed for some time to come, and as there are many country places large enough to allow of a tennis court which certainly will not accommodate golf links, it is just as well to include a tennis dress or two in a thorough summer outfit. Before bicycling came into favor there was an outcry that tennis costumes were hideous and unbecoming; but now this is quite done away with, for there is far more latitude in tennis than in golf and bicycling.

Short skirts are necessary in playing tennis with dexterity, but they need not be shorter than to the tops of the ordinary boots. Fitting smoothly over the hips, with the fulness gathered into a small space just at the back, the gored skirts of the present day look well; but they must not be too wide, or there will be ugly folds to flop about the feet. White duck or corded pique looks extremely neat, and a fancy waist, either of wash material or silk, worn with the narrow white belt, is attractive and appropriate.

Tennis shoes are not becoming; but of tan leather or black canvas, if of a good shape, they do not look so badly as did the first ones some years ago. Red pique, duck, or mohair of a bright scarlet shade are effective on a tennis-ground, and, made with short jacket and shirt-waist of finer material—organdie or muli—they are invariably becoming.

Girls who play for championships make everything subservient to the game, and apparently do not care how they look; but even in a scant linen skirt, a white India silk blouse with the sleeves rolled up to give full play to the limbs, a girl may look well, if she has her skirt well cut and so fastened under the white kid belt that it does not sag down in the middle of the back, which skirts have a sad fashion of doing.

Mohair and serge are sometimes used for tennis gowns, but the wash materials this season are much more popular. Crash, which is made up into blazer suits and bicycle costumes for both men and women, is not a very pleasant material to wear when exercising violently, for the moment it is wet with perspiration it is disagreeably cold and clammy; the more expensive qualities are the best, and as the most expensive is exceedingly cheap, it is best to give the few cents extra.

While the white belts are the most in favor, ribbons are not positively tabooed from tennis costumes, particularly if no match games are to be played. The girdle is often worn, and the pretty fashion is revived again of the ribbon put twice around the waist and tied at one side with ends—ribbons trim any dress daintily, and also cover the line between skirt and waist. Plain, not fancy ribbons should be used, and the very latest fashion is for the moire taffeta, which comes in many beautiful shades.

Knickerbockers are more comfortable than petticoats, so some women contend, but under a tennis skirt petticoats should be worn, and they should be as dainty and pretty as possible. Ruffled with embroidery and lace, they will keep out the heavy dress skirt, and prevent it clinging in an ugly and weighty manner that interferes with the proper freedom necessary to running.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

Water for laying dust is more effective when salt is added. Sea water is generally used in English coast towns for this purpose.

Rattan, bamboo and basket work furniture may be thoroughly cleaned by scrubbing with brush and salt water.

Japanese and plain straw matting should be washed with salt and water and rubbed dry. This keeps them soft and prevents brittle cracking where traffic is heavier.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and very fresh in summer if wiped daily with cloth wrung out of strong salt water. All microbes, moths and pests are thus destroyed.

Baths, washbasins, polished slate and stone slabs are quickly cleaned by rubbing with dry salt before washing.

Black spots on dishes and discolorations on teacups are removed by damp salt.

Salt in the water cleanses glass bottles and chamber ware.

Window glass, lamps and lamp glasses, marble and stone vases or mantels, granite sills, etc., if rubbed with salt are quickly cleansed. A teaspoonful of salt in kerosene makes a brighter light.

Ink stains from carpets and table cloths (if fresh) can be removed by successive applications of dry salt.

Carpets are brightened and their colors preserved if wiped with clean cloths wrung out of salt water.

All colored cotton materials will not fade by subsequent washing if placed in boiling water in which three gills of salt to every four quarts of water has been melted. Leave garments in water till cold.

Salt dissolved in alcohol or ammonia will remove grease spots.

Soak silk handkerchiefs in cold salt water for ten minutes, wash out of this water and iron immediately.

To renovate leather chairs, wipe them with a cloth slightly damp and then rub dry. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and apply to the leather with a soft cloth; then rub with flannel.

If your children crave candy, give them loaf sugar taken from a candy box. They will not eat enough of it to hurt them, and it has the merit of being pure, which cannot be said of most of the candy one gets nowadays.

Of course, when you went to making ready for the spring painting and varnishing, you found the brushes hard as bricks with the last year's neglected paint. Put them to soak over night in a bottle of coal oil or in turpentine, but coal oil is the cheapest. It will take time, but patience and petroleum will accomplish wonders.

Small cakes are no longer in demand at dinner parties. Dainty fruit sandwiches have taken their place. Bread is cut very thin and lightly buttered, and then spread with raisins, dates or candied cherries that have been chopped fine and moistened with orange juice, sherry or Madeira. Roll and tie with baby ribbons. Lemonade or punch is served with these.

It is not often that children care much for cold meat, and to help it down they will crave pickles and sauces. More economical and satisfactory is it to spend a little time and trouble in preparing a gravy, slicing up the meat, warming it through in this, but only allowing it to simmer, never to boil. Or, if the meat be very "scrappy" mince it, and adding enough gravy to moisten it, make either a shepherd's pie with potato or crust and bake, or rissoles, or a hash, which, if tender and savory, will become the most popular of all when served surrounded by a "wall" of whipped potato.

The best way in which to clean hair brushes is with spirits of ammonia and warm water. Take a tablespoonful of ammonia to one quart of water; dip the bristles up and down in the water without wetting the back; rinse in clear warm water; shake well and dry in the air, not in the sun. Soap and soda soften the bristles and will turn an ivory backed brush yellow.

Grease stains on cloth may often be removed with magnesia. The stained place is first dampened; then the magnesia is moistened and vigorously rubbed on the stain. It must be allowed to dry thoroughly. Then the powder can be easily shaken off.

Save all the stale bread, grate it, and keep in glass jar with lid. This makes an excellent covering for fried veal, fried liver, croquettes and oysters.

When trying out fat cut a potato in the thinnest slices possible and drop in whilst hot. This prevents a smutty look and makes the fat clean and sweet.

Eat all the green things you can get now. They are an excellent tonic for a disordered liver.

Mush made with milk is not only richer and more delicious than that made with water, but when it is fried it is a much more inviting golden brown.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin in a bowl of water is an admirable tonic for the face. The benzoin whitens the skin and prevents wrinkling.

Yellow stains left on white cloth by sewing machine oil can be removed by rubbing the spots with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

If an iron holder is attached with a long string to the band of the apron while you are cooking, it will save many burned fingers and scorched dish towels.

Don't close the city house for the summer without especial care of the cellar, is the advice of a sanitary expert. Leave the upper rooms in disorder or uncleaned, but inspect carefully the cellar, and all dark, unventilated places. Such spots invite humidity and dampness, and are the best of breeding places for disease germs that will be brought to the upper air in the autumn reoccupancy. In a recent paper on the origin of diphtheria germs, Dr. Sternberg asserts that cellars and all unventilated places no less than sewers are a lodging ground for them. Hot soap and water and whitewash are cheap, and their free use in the hole under the house may prevent a serious sickness in the autumn.

A convenience designed for country houses, where no ice is to be had, is a large covered pail lined with charcoal. In this pail, if kept in a cool place, water is said to remain as fresh and cool as if just taken from the well.

A good way to prepare short stories for the use of invalids is to cut them from magazines for which you have no further use, and mount them on strips of stout muslin or cheese cloth, with a good paste or mucilage. Cut the muslin wide enough for one or two columns. The story can then be rolled and unrolled without the fatigue of lifting a heavy book. Tie with a rubber band or band of ribbon, and print the name of the story on the outside of the rolls.

Apple Puffs.—Pare and core one pound of apples. Cut them into thin slices, put a layer in the bottom of the baking-dish, sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of sugar, another layer of apples, grate the yellow rind of a lemon, another sprinkle of sugar, and so continue until the dish is filled. Beat the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar until light. Put one pint of milk in a double boiler, add the yolks and sugar, stir until it thickens, stand it aside to cool. Bake the apples until they are tender and soft. When they are cold cover over the cold custard, heap whipped cream over the top and serve.

Soft Ginger Bread.—Heat slightly one pint of treacle, add to it one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Pour this, while hot, over one half-pint of thick sour cream, stir in sufficient flour, about three cupfuls, to make a soft batter, beat until smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Line spare baking pans with buttered paper, put in the batter and bake in a moderate oven about thirty-five minutes.

A Delightful Dish.—Beat two eggs until light. Add one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of corn flour. Beat well. Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder with one cupful of wheat flour, and add to the mixture. Beat again, and bake in a quick oven in jelly-cake pan about fifteen minutes.

A Dainty Dessert.—Cut the slices of bread into round pieces, butter each, and place in a baking-pan. Pare and core nice, large apples, cut them into slices crosswise one inch in thickness, put one on each slice of bread, dust with granulated sugar, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Dish, cover with cream, and serve.

His Helmet.

BY H. F. G.

"BUT, uncle, I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me."

"Don't bother me!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! You'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray——"

My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went out.

"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furbishing of a big, double handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well known dealer in antiquities and objets d'art, 58 Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marseilles and old Rouen chins, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres, and muskets, and picture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts, and statues of saints, one armed or one-legged for the most part, and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knick knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, barcelois, crosses, necklaces, medals, and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a Municipal Councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at the bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a Municipal Councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The Council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it bareheaded. But this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme pity:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat, and laying down his glass, he called out.

"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning toward me, he added in a lower tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'Yes,' try!—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or, by Saint Bartholomy, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double handed sword. Rose came quietly toward me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal.

I could not help it—after all, it was his fault! He was not there: I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing: she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked, tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh, I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'Yes,' I will force him to say it."

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other: I returned to my double handed sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting, with a corner of her apron, a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and, when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up, will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on reaching my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said; and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But, after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell to sleep, and, till next morning, did nothing but dream the oddest dreams.

I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandole, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halbert in his hand, conducted the bewildering whirl.

The next day—ah! the next day!—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun; my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me; but I could think of nothing; of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time, in the evening.

On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left me alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor: and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan.

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat, and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly, he came toward me.

"The hinges!—the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel-de Ville, striking 5, was heard.

"The Municipal Council!" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick, help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterward!"

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head: but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated, firmly, "I'll not help you out, unless you give me the hand of my cousin, Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated vision came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it!"—I had burned my ships.

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I will call in all your neighbors, and then go and find the Municipal Council!"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be made to say 'Yes'—say it, or I will call in the neighbors!"

The clock was still striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle. "But make haste!"

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor!"

The visor gave way, the gorget piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the Municipal Council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little, and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then——

"Rose—come here!"

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do, yesterday?"

I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added. "Do you love him?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side, the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper, I added quickly: "Forgive me!"

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry her, then, donkey—since you love her, and I give her to you!"

"Ah!—uncle!"

"Ah!—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy, that's all I ask."

And, in turn, he whispered in my ear:

"I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I give my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the Rue des Claquettes, 58, at the place of honor in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.

ARTIFICIAL FOOD.—The craft of man has found products which do not grow from the soil, and science, no less than experience, has provided their utility.

Long ago the golden scepter of butter was wrested away by the mightier product of a factory, with which neither farm nor creamery could compete.

Reports yielded a culinary aid that was better than lard. Scientific young men produced jellies fairer in appearance than that which came from natural fruit.

In meat production the margin of profit narrowed with the narrowing "range." As free pastures disappeared with the territories to make room for the States the price of beef soared. Instantly that food product became the target of inventive attempt.

The inevitable law of commerce was obeyed. Big profit attracted big attempt. And imitation meat followed imitation butter into the field—no, into the mart.

For a long time potatoes held a place peculiarly their own, but the main reason was that potatoes could still, three years in five, be cheaply produced. But the two uncertain years would come, and the rapid rise in price provoked attention.

Experiment made short work of the potato. A thing of starch and water at the best, its combining was a simple matter, and farmers hung up their hoes and bought potatoes at the factory, ready for the kitchen, and at a rate which undercut their cheapest effort.

Corn was more complex, but it surrendered. After all, what is it but a combination of chemical properties which could be found elsewhere. It was far less trouble to combine them in a substitute for maize, than to find the light by which that substitute for maize might on winter evenings be inspected.

Bread products were matter of habit and tradition. Give the race a food which answered all the requirements bread had supplied, and the race was too intellectual to decline it.

Laboratories took the place of fallow land. Pestle and mortar were as reaper and mill. The hand skilled at combining and compounding wielded at once the executioner's axe by which the head of the baker was sundered.

A thing of steel, with handle bars and chain, elastic tread and lamp by night, had pedaled beating past the horse, and a creature which had served man well for ninety centuries limped useless away. And with him went the fields which had maintained him.

No need for oats since this better than horse did not eat them, nor of hay, since the animal to which hay was one day a feast had grown too rare to eat it.

THE UNEXPECTED.—A young German countess belonging to Hanover was a noted unbeliever. She was especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. Before her death she gave orders that her grave was to be covered with a slab of granite, clamped to other stones, and that on the granite slab should be engraved the following words:—

"This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

All that human power could do to prevent that grave from being opened was done. But a little seed found lodgment in a crevice of the stones which covered the dead body of the countess and sprouted. The tiny shoot found its way between the stone side and the slab which lay on the top of the grave. It grew by degrees, and at last actually lifted the heavy slab and forced the gravestones apart. Thus the grave was opened after all, and that too without any miracle.

The people of Hanover are said to regard this grave with a kind of awe, feeling as if it were a kind of prophecy of the great Resurrection Day which is yet to come.

DO NOT be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Humorous.

Kissing, they say, out of fashion has gone,
'Tis a pity, and life's but a span;
Now who would get mad if the maiden should say:
"Oh, ain't he an old fashioned man!"

The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

The pawnbroker takes a great deal of interest in his business.

Dogs should be the best dentists, seeing that they insert natural teeth.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

Why is life the riddle of riddles?—Because we must all give it up.

Swine are held by many in high esteem as food, but their hind parts are all gammon.

"Ah!" exclaimed a benpecked husband, "before our marriage my wife spoke to me with her eyes, but now she gives it to me with her tongue."

"Help, help!" cried the man who was being robbed.

"Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."

It was very ungallant in the old bachelor, who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask "If there wasn't room for both feet!"

Mr. Spark: Sir, I love your daughter so that I cannot live without her.

Old Gruffay: Good! Then go away somewhere and die. There's another load off my mind.

A little 4 year-old boy occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was.

"Course I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

If one-half of the girls only knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased. But if the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?

Bishop Floss: I cannot understand why you selected for a second husband such a scamp as Bliss, when your first husband was such a religious man.

She: You don't suppose that I have any desire to meet two husbands in the hereafter, do you?

Raptures: Oh, my darling! I would die for you, I would!

Sweet one: Would you, really? Then I'll tell you how to do it.

Raptures: Ah, but I should have to leave you if I did so, and I could never stand that, you know.

Mrs. Nurich: You can't think, brother Caleb, what an expense it has been to us learning Amelia to play the pianner.

Brother Caleb, dolefully: It can't compare with what I had to pay out when George was learning to play the races. And he didn't learn much, either.

He drew his breath with a gasping sob, with a quavering voice he sang; but his voice leaked out and could not drown the accompanist's clamorous bang. He lost his pitch on the middle A, he faltered on lower D, and foundered at length like a battered wreck adrift on the wild high C.

Married man: Why don't you get married, Miss Perkins? You've getting to look like a 'back number'—you will soon be an old maid.

Miss Perkins: If I were as easy to please as your wife was, I should have been married long ago!

A lawyer, who had proved too much for both his rivals and his clients, was supposed to be unconquerable; but, as one of his neighbors said, after his sudden death by a thunder-bolt, "a streak of lightning tackled him one day, and before he could make a motion for a stay of proceedings, it knocked the trickery all out of him."

Would-be passenger: Inspector, why did not that gripman stop his car for me?

Inspector: Against the rules. Another car right behind.

Would-be passenger, as second car goes by: Then why didn't this man stop?

Inspector: Against the rules. Another car right ahead.

"I want some pie," said young Angus at dinner at his grandfather's.

"Have patience," said his grandmother.

"Which would you rather have," asked his grandfather, "patience or pie?"

"Pie," replied Angus, emphatically.

"But then," said his grandfather, "there might not be any left for me."

"Well," said the small boy, "you could have patience."

A lady stood patiently before a receiving cashier's window in a bank, the other day, but no one took any notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass.

"Why don't you pay attention to me?" she asked, petulantly.

"I'm sorry, madam; but we don't pay anything here. Next window, please," was the polite response.

TRICKS PLAYED BY PLANTS.—Dr. Lundstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry. The cultivated plant known as calendula may in different conditions produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have sails and are suited for transportation by the wind, while others have hooks and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar.

Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but if it be sufficiently like a caterpillar, a bird may eat it by mistake, the indigestible seeds will be subsequently dropped, and so the trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvellous. There is a very graceful wild plant, with beautiful delicate flowers, known to many as the cow-wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow-wheat to feast on a sweet banquet spread out upon the leaves.

Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these ants, and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it.

On exploring some ant-nests, the explorer soon saw that this was not the first cow-wheat seed which had been similarly treated. Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries.

The ants did not eat them or destroy them; in fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color, and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant-cocoons.

Once placed among the cocoons, it requires a better than an ant to distinguish the tares from the wheat. In the excitement of flitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated, and the seeds are also saved.

The trick is found out some day; for the seeds, like the cocoons, awake out of sleep. The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered; they germinate and seem to thrive in the ant-nests.

LOOK OUT FOR THE VOICE.—You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often even in mirth one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a heart and home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life."

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Ledge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 28, '88.
NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.35, 7.50, 10.03, 10.33, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.02, 4.10, 6.13, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.35, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.13, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 2.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.50, 8.15 a m, 4.35 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 8.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 832 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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on the Delaware.

No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75 000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2.45, 7.45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND

With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

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Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

Children with parents free.

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PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK
Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

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